

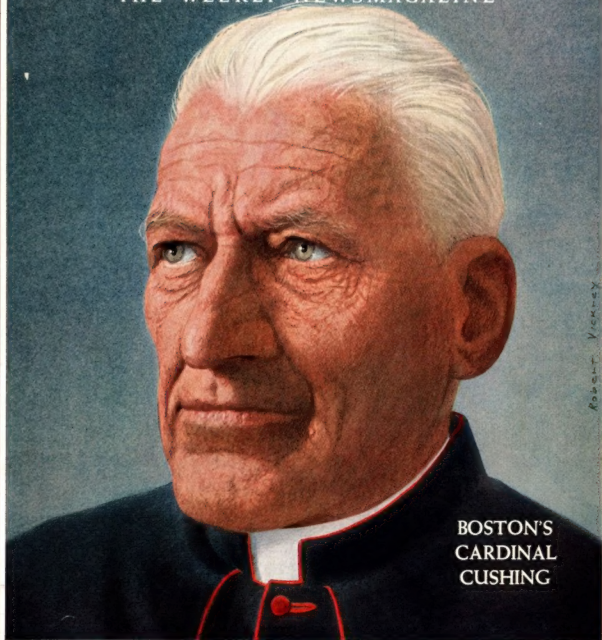
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 21, 1964

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

CATHOLICISM IN THE U.S.
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VOL. 84 NO. 8

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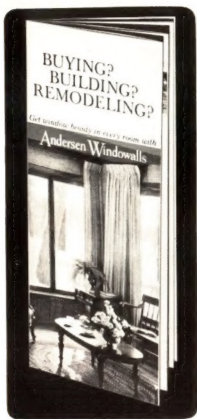
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Round 2 of the networks' convention coverage opens this week with a spate of background specials leading up to the Democratic Convention at Atlantic City beginning next Monday. NBC handily won Round 1 with an estimated 55% share of the total Republican Convention audience. To offer tougher competition to NBC's winsome twosome, Huntley and Brinkley, CBS has replaced Anchorman Walter Cronkite with Roger Mudd and Robert Trout (TIME, Aug. 7), while ABC has Senator Hubert Humphrey and former White House Aide Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as special commentators to supplement Howard K. Smith and Edward P. Morgan.

Wednesday, August 19

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM COMMITTEE MEETINGS (NBC and CBS, 4:30-5 p.m.).^{*} The pre-convention plank-making sessions. Continued Thursday and Friday at the same time.

THE GREAT CONVENTIONS—THE DEMOCRATS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Perry Wolff wrote and produced this special, as well as its Republican counterpart, an excellent historical essay coupled with photographic evocations of the men, moods and issues of previous conventions.

THE CAMPAIGN & THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A background survey of the Democratic Party.

POLITICS '64 (ABC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). Updating on the pre-convention news. Continued Thursday (10:30-11 p.m.) and Friday (10:45-11 p.m.).

Thursday, August 20

GEORGE GOBEL, A MAN WHO... (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Gobel looks humorously at Atlantic City, its history as a seaside resort and how it was selected as the convention site, ranges from bathing beauties to political aspirants.

Saturday, August 22

THE WOMAN'S TOUCH IN POLITICS (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Lisa Howard interviewing Democratic lady politicians and politicians' ladies.

Sunday, August 23

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Senators Hubert Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy and other Veep hopefuls.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION PREVIEW (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). A report on the issues and personalities.

NBC NEWS SPECIAL (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Another convention preview.

ABC NEWS SPECIAL (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). And another.

Monday, August 24

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, CBS and NBC, 7:30 p.m. to conclusion). Continued Tuesday.

RECORDS

Orchestral & Chamber Music

Baroque instrumental music is still trumpeting forth in profusion, perhaps as a welcome antidote to the romantic repertoire, and because its bright colors and ornaments are enhanced by today's high-fidelity recordings. Three excellent

new releases show the style in France, Italy and England:

SYMPHONIES AND FANFARES FOR THE KING'S SUPPER (Nonesuch). The king in question was Louis XIV, who wanted music for every occasion. The supper "symphonies" by Michel-Richard de Lalande are stately, danceable airs. There are also fanfares and military marches by Jean-Baptiste Lully, the musical dictator of the court, and an engaging trio sonata for violins by François Couperin. The highly stylized little pieces are given a bright, clear reading by the Collegium Musicum de Paris under Roland Douaie.

I MUSICI (Philips). The virtuoso Italian ensemble of eleven strings and a harpsichord that Toscanini called "the world's finest chamber orchestra" has for twelve years been polishing its late-baroque repertory to a high luster. Here the group plays concertos by pioneers of the form: Arcangelo Corelli (*Concerto Grosso in D Major*) and Antonio Vivaldi (the "Goldfinch" Concerto for flute and the "Favorite" for violin), also works by Francesco Manfredini and Tommaso Albinoni, a composer much admired by Bach.

HANDEL: WATER MUSIC (Angel). The story that Handel wrote the *Water Music* to get back into the good graces of George I has been discredited, but such a scheme would surely have worked. Handel borrowed freely from both French and Italian baroque composers, but enriched the mixture with his own cadenced melodies and textured harmonies. Nineteen pieces are arranged here in three suites, according to key, and given a serene and ornamental performance by the Bath Festival Orchestra directed by Yehudi Menuhin.

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES 101 ("The Clock") AND 95 (RCA Victor). The exceptional clarity that characterized Fritz Reiner's style as a conductor is epitomized in this recording, made two months before he died. The studio orchestra included some of his former Chicago Symphony players, and sounds as though it had played as an ensemble forever. After Haydn, said Brahms, it was "no longer a joke to write symphonies." After Reiner, it is an increasingly serious matter to conduct them.

LISZT: A FAUST SYMPHONY (Columbia). Leonard Bernstein brilliantly illuminates this masterpiece of the romantic era. Whatever the quality of Bernstein's own musical philosophizing, he can brilliantly illuminate that of Liszt, who was a Catholic mystic. Each of the symphony's three movements is a brooding character sketch: "Faust" has a mystical quality, "Gretchen" is idyllic, and "Mephistopheles" snarling and frenzied. The New York Philharmonic gives the Devil his due with sizzling strings and searing brasses, and then muzzles him as the Choral Art Society sings Goethe's *Mystic Chorus*, with its tribute to "the eternal feminine."

CINEMA

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. A treat for the Beatle generation. The holler boys' first film is fresh, fast and funny, and it may even moderate the adult notion that a Beatle is something to be greeted with DDT.

HARAKIRI. A bloody but sometimes beautiful dramatic treatise on an old Japanese custom: ritual suicide.

CARTOUCHE. French Director Philippe de Broca, the brilliant satirist who made

^{*} All times E.D.T.

The Five-Day Lover, has executed a somewhat careless but wonderfully care-free parody of a period piece in which Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the Robin Hood of 18th century Paris.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. De Broca and Belmondo are at it again, but this time they do better. *Rio* is a wild and wacky travesty of what passes for adventure in the average film thriller.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. In John Huston's version of Tennessee Williams' play, several unlikely characters (portrayed by Richard Burton, Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner) turn up in the patio of a not-very-grand hotel in Mexico and talk, talk, talk about their somewhat peculiar problems. Sometimes they talk well.

LOS TARANTOS. With mingled dance and drama and burning Iberian intensity, Spanish Director Rovira-Beleta tells the story of a gypsy Romeo and Juliet.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. This intelligent and tasteful tale of an Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who shares an island exile with her dog is a model of what children's pictures ought to be but seldom are.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As a maladroit inspector from the Sureté Peter Sellers pursues Elke Sommer through a multiple murder case and turns up fresh evidence that he is one of the funniest actors alive.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Young love becomes a savage Sicilian nightmare in a sometimes wildly farcical, sometimes deeply affecting tragicomedy by Director Pietro Germi, already famed for *Divorce—Italian Style*.

MAFIOSO. Director Alberto Lattuada fills in the background with some gloriously garlicky slices of provincial Sicilian life, while Comedian Alberto Sordi struggles soberly with the insidious Mafia.

ZULU. A bit of bloody British history, vintage 1879, makes a grisly good show as a doughty band of redcoats defends an African outpost against 4,000 proud Zulu warriors.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. As a girl from the mining camps, Debbie Reynolds makes waves in Denver society and energetically keeps this big, brassy version of Meredith Willson's Broadway musical from going under.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, stylish, often superlative British satire.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's drama about a 19th century strike in Turin has warmth, humor, stunning photography, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a sort of Socialist Savonarola.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMAIAQUER, by Eleanor Clark. In describing the care and feeding of the world's best oysters and the Bretons who do it, Eleanor Clark has written a book that virtually defies criticism, so warm is her writing, so precise her knowledge of the oyster and the sea, so unstinting the love and care she has lavished on her subject.

EUGENE ONEGIN, by Vladimir Nabokov. Novelist-Scholar Nabokov has translated Alexander Pushkin's 19th century novel-in-verse with accuracy and range of mean-

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ing closer to the original than any previous version. By contrast, his volumes of notes show Nabokov as an obsessive genius in action—a side of himself that he kidded in his brilliant academic satire, *Pale Fire*.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING, by Cornelius Shields. A blueprint for winning races—in a runabout or a twelve-meter—as well as a frank revelation of the author, who at 70 is the most successful skipper in the country.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM, by Warren Miller. Taking his cue from black nationalist tirades, Satirist Miller turns Harlem into an independent nation. If the subject doesn't seem funny in a summer of rioting, it is the best proof yet of Miller's skill as a writer and his knowledge of Harlem, where he lived for five years.

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORY, by Page Smith. A clear, considered essay on historiography, which argues that what the historian needs to add to thorough knowledge is detachment rather than remoteness, imagination rather than "scientific systems."

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE, by John P. Roche. The national chairman of the A.D.A. says that Americans have more civil liberties than any other people in history, and goes on to reveal that the Birchers are No. 23 on his personal list of fears—nuclear war is No. 1—clearly a forthright man and a refreshing book.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. No better chronicler of Massachusetts' elite Groton School and its wise, eccentric founder, Endicott Peabody, could be hoped for. This intricate, fascinating novel about "Dr. Prescott" of "Justin" finally fulfills Auchincloss's long promise as a major novelist.

CHILDREN AND OTHERS, by James Gould Cozzens. Many of the stories in this collection also concern a fashionable Eastern boarding school for boys, and if they come off less well, it is because they focus on the institution itself rather than on the masters and boys. But *Children and Others* represents Cozzens at his controlled best, and the writing is as precise as in *Guard of Honor*.

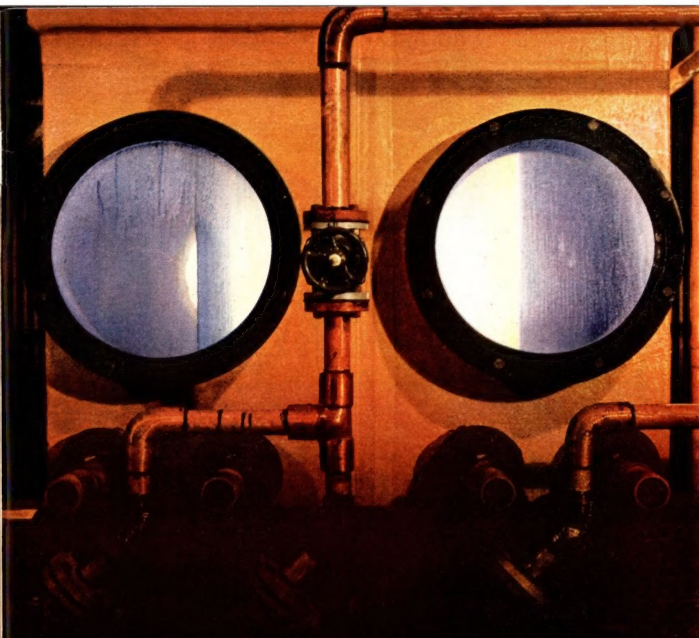
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Julian*, Vidal (3)
3. *Armageddon*, Uris (2)
4. *Candy*, Southern and Hoffenberg (5)
5. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (4)
6. *The Rector of Justin*, Auchincloss (6)
7. *The 480*, Burdick (7)
8. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (9)
9. *The Spire*, Golding (8)
10. *The Group*, McCarthy

NONFICTION

1. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (1)
2. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (3)
3. *Harlow*, Shulman (2)
4. *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (7)
6. *Crisis in Black and White*, Silverman (5)
7. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (6)
8. *The Naked Society*, Puckard
9. *The Kennedy Wit*, Adler (9)
10. *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, Silver (8)



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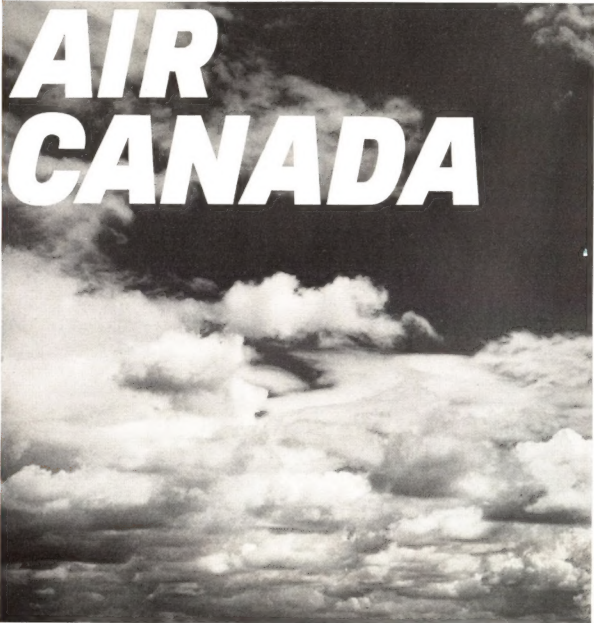
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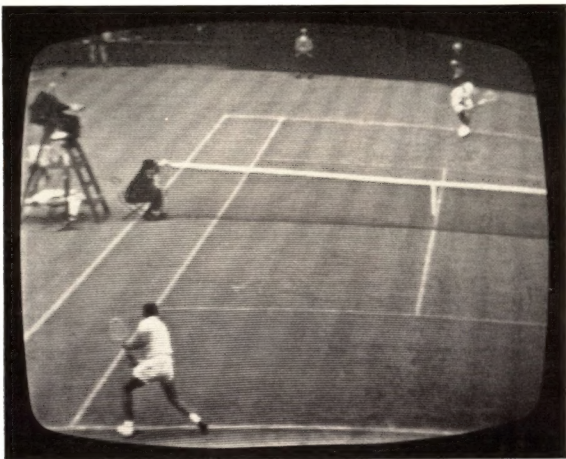


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the Bahamas and the Caribbean. As you can see, we've outgrown the name "Trans-Canada Air Lines.") While you're flying to all those places, you'll find we're just as friendly as ever. Our maintenance is just as meticulous. (Come to think of it, we haven't really changed at all.) Call us. Or see your Travel Agent. The magic words are "Air Canada."



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LETTERS

Torpedoes in Tonkin

Sir: President Johnson's quick and decisive performance in the Tonkin Gulf situation [Aug. 14] was in the correct tradition of American firmness to aggressive acts. To bomb North Viet Nam oil dumps and boat bases was an extreme action in the best sense of the word.

WILLIAM E. MOORE
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Sir: I believe that the applicable word describing these actions in Viet Nam is "resolute" and not "extreme."

CHARLES H. CALISHER
Takoma Park, Md.

Sir: The swift action of President Johnson after the attack on the Seventh Fleet indicates that Goldwater's nomination has already had an effect on the nation's policy. If a "me too" Republican had been nominated, Johnson would only have sent a note of protest to North Viet Nam.

GUY K. ZIMMERMAN
Arlington, Va.

Sir: By Jove! Mr. Johnson is quickly becoming the Teddy Roosevelt of the '60s. Both men display a somewhat vibrant personality, and Lyndon used the "big stick" in Southeast Asia much the same as Teddy used it in Panama. Let's hope Lyndon doesn't contract yellow fever.

GEORGE SHAYLER
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir: Good for you, Yanks! Your swift reflexes over Cuba warned Khrushchev with appalling clarity that if he tweaked the "paper tiger's" tail it could, and would if necessary, hook him instantly with nuclear claws. The Gulf of Tonkin action and reaction should serve as a similar warning to the impetuous Mao dynasty. Let's hope so, anyway. If it doesn't, then we Aussies are right in there with you.

RONALD W. WARE
Townsville, Australia

Sir: Hearty congratulations to President Johnson for being the "fastest gun alive." Will he kindly draw on Peking and end the real menace to free Asia once and for all?

INDOOMATI PANDIT
Kolhapur, India

Sir: Well done, America! Once again the U.S. is standing up to aggression, as it did in Korea and Cuba. The men of Peking and Hanoi must learn that they cannot attack the U.S. Navy and get away

with it. Fifty years ago, Britain was willing to protect a small country against an aggressor. The U.S. today carries on that tradition.

PETER GREEN
London

Sir: It looks as though at last we have the war we have been itching for in Southeast Asia. It sure is wonderful having spunky little General Khanh as the latest American superpatriot. The death of innocent people who want only the establishment of a neutral Viet Nam doesn't upset him. Oh well, it takes our minds off race riots and all that dirty local stuff.

JOHN A. MCCONNELL
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir: For the sake of friends and kin in that area as well as the war effort in South Viet Nam, I hope that the reflection Chalapain painted in Khanh's glasses [Aug. 7] is not the China Wall.

JAMES WOODWARD
Los Angeles



► Not the Chinese Wall, but a wall of Vietnamese soldiers is reflected in the glasses (see cut).—ED.

Bostonian from New York

Sir: The proposal that Bobby Kennedy declare himself a candidate for the Senate from New York [Aug. 14] is a shocking denial of the traditional belief that members of Congress should understand and represent the interests of their constituents. The legacy of John F. Kennedy appears not to be freedom for all mankind but rather political remuneration for family and friends.

ERIC H. WAYNE
Royal Oak, Mich.

Sir: In California and in New York, as well as in most other states, politicians have set up residency-requirement laws for a license to practice as an accountant, doctor, lawyer, insurance or security salesman, real estate or insurance broker, etc. In view of this, I cannot see how a non-resident politician of California or New

York can just announce that he will run for high office in another state and have the temerity to think that the public will stand still for this blatant effrontery.

J. CUNNINGHAM
Port Orange, Fla.

Sir: As a New Yorker, I am perfectly happy to have the opportunity to vote for Robert Kennedy as a U.S. Senator from New York. Some people forget that the Senate was meant, through longer tenure and fewer members, to serve as a less provincial legislative body than the House of Representatives. New Yorkers have 41 Representatives and another Senator to serve the state's selfish sectional interests. A Senator experienced and interested in the welfare of the whole nation should be welcome in an already too-provincial chamber.

GWYNNE KINCAID
New York City

Aphrodite's Island

Sir: What is taking place in Cyprus is essentially a repetition of what happened in your own country during the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln and the majority, in trying to save the Union, forced the South-east secessionists into an unconditional surrender. At least one foreign power, Great Britain, supported the South. Today you journalists glibly lend your support to Turkish Cypriot secessionists. The American Government gives the impression that it has taken the role of the British of 1861. How the Muslims must laugh at its hypocritical mortals!

G. L. MOSSIDES
Boston

Sir: May I ask what is so wrong with majority rule? For heaven's sake, I refer you to the ancient Greeks, who invented democracy and other high principles 2,500 years ago.

YIANNAKIS MIKE CHATTALAS
Baltimore

Sir: The Greeks sanctimoniously point to their ancient heritage of democracy in justifying their demands for "majority rule" in Cyprus. Just as the ancient Athenians failed to even imagine that their slaves might have human rights, Greek Cypriots fail to note the difference between "majority rule" and an oppressed minority.

PHILIP BARBOUR
New York City

Political Sacrifice

Sir: The news that Adam Yarmolinsky has been sacrificed in order to get the anti-poverty bill through Congress [Aug. 14] comes as a sad shock to those of us who have known him since Yale Law School days (1946-48). What has delighted me about Adam has been that he combines ability, intelligence and integrity with imagination and ingenuity. He refuses to be the routine bureaucrat. Although not really an orthodox Communist, he accompanied one paratroop group aloft on a training exercise as an observer. He then jumped with them. At another time he took a cruise on a Polaris submarine. Many of us think we need more Yarmolinskys in Washington, not fewer.

EVERETT FISHER
Greenwich, Conn.

Aged but Awesome

Sir: I wonder if Macmillan was aware of the striking similarity between his words about Churchill [Aug. 7] and Edgar's words about King Lear. After the

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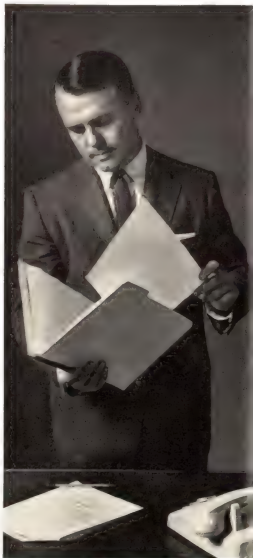
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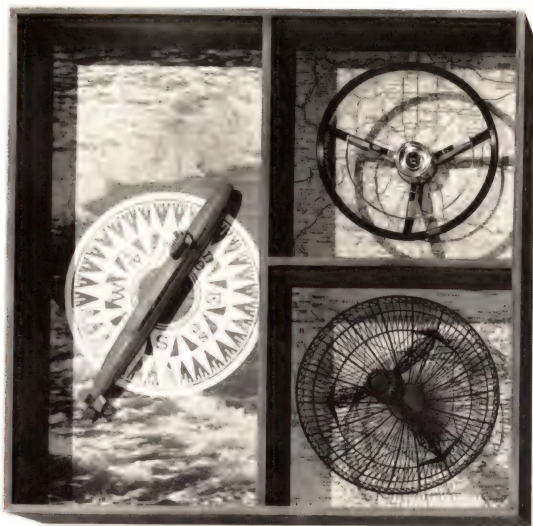


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THE NATION

POLITICS

Toward Nov. 3

The preliminaries were almost over. At Hershey, Pa., the Republican Party, after months of internecine strife, went a long way toward binding up its wounds. The Democrats are about to launch their campaign with next week's national convention in Atlantic City. The machinery of the great quadrennial U.S. exercise in politics was oiled up and ready to move toward Election Day, Nov. 3 (see following stories).

In their Hershey meeting, the Re-

publicans and nuclear-weapons control as challenges to the G.O.P. platform positions. To Barry Goldwater, one key issue is the military strength and stance of the U.S. The fairness or unfairness of the press promises to become an issue (see *The Press*). And an important factor will be the so-far-uncharted effect of the "backlash" against the civil rights revolution.

As the U.S. plunges into the critical process of choosing a President, it can look forward to the satisfying prospect of a heated and significant debate on the direction of the American society.

carrying out a plan conceived even before the convention, he skillfully handled a remarkable summit conference of G.O.P. leaders in Hershey, Pa.

One of Goldwater's top aides explained why the unity meeting was now so important. "Let's face it—that acceptance speech was a mistake. We'd won, and that was a time for pulling together—inviting everybody back in. But those guys* came in with this 'to hell with you' speech and hit the boss in a mood to take it."

So, one day last week, Goldwater went to Hershey armed with a care-

BOB D'AMICO



G.O.P. LEADERS EISENHOWER, GOLDWATER, NIXON & SCRANTON

"Let's bare our souls today and get down to meaningful issues."

publicans merely papered over some of their internal fissures, but enough were fully healed to permit Dwight Eisenhower to dismiss "any uncertainties I may have felt as to the fitness, adequacy and quality" of Barry Goldwater as a candidate for President. Said Ike: "I am right on his team." As the Democrats prepared to nominate Lyndon Johnson by acclamation, the only question for them was the choice of a candidate for Vice President, and it was still a question. As of last week, the President had not yet made up his mind, although on public form Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey still seemed to have a slight edge.

The issues are beginning to emerge. For the Democrats, the theme will be peace, prosperity, preparedness—and prudence. They are also carpentering strong platform planks on civil rights,

REPUBLICANS

Harmony at Hershey

Within a few days of his crushing victory at San Francisco, Barry Goldwater realized that he had committed a major mistake in campaign strategy. Letters of protest from other Republicans poured into the G.O.P. National Committee, and Goldwater could see that his cold, unconciliatory acceptance speech and his explosive line about extremism had refueled, rather than dampened, the fiery convention tempers. He knew that something had to be done about it—and something was.

Goldwater wrote to Richard Nixon, explained that perhaps what he should have said about extremism was that "wholehearted devotion to liberty is unavailable and that halfhearted devotion to justice is indefensible." Then,

fully honed speech. It was drafted largely by former Eisenhower Advisers Bryce Harlow and Ed McCabe in consultation with Goldwater and Ike; it was a fascinating document, in both tone and content (see box). "This speech," observed a close Goldwater associate, "is what he should have said at San Francisco."

To hear Barry out and to discuss all of the obstacles to party unity, the leaders met for two hours and 45 minutes at the Hershey Hotel. Present were Goldwater, Vice-Presidential Candidate William Miller, Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, 14 Republican Governors and 14 G.O.P. gubernatorial can-

* "Those guys" included a number of Goldwater aides, but the address was largely the work of Speechwriter Karl Hess, onetime newspaper and magazine (*Newsweek*) staffer.

didates. The positions they took there, in private, laid the basis for their later pronouncements of unity. High points behind the closed doors:

Miller: The two premises of the campaign will be, first, firmness in foreign policy, and second, fiscal responsibility. Barry Goldwater wants to be President, and I want to be Vice President. But we want to conduct ourselves in such a way that whether we actually achieve this or not, we will strengthen our party, thereby strengthening the two-party system in this country. If we have any trouble achieving unity, all we have to do is look at the bitterness the Democrats had to face in 1960 after their convention. They got together after bitter primary and convention fights.

Goldwater: [Introducing Ike.] Here's a man who brought us eight years of prosperity, peace and honesty in government. [Applause.]

Eisenhower: I have had many talks with Barry Goldwater. He plans to release a statement today that should erase all doubts any of us may have had about him. I assure you it is not a bland one, but a strong one. Let's bare our souls today and get down to meaningful issues.

Nixon: If a party is to be a national party, there must be room for differences of opinion. When Barry Goldwater enters a state, he understands that the local candidate will not agree with him in all respects, and that a Barry Goldwater position may not be the best possible position on a particular issue. We must expand the base of our party.



"WITHOUT 'NUTS'!"

We need liberals and conservatives in this party to win.

Goldwater: I don't want candidates to worry about the positions they take, so long as they are positions arrived at through conviction and taking into account local conditions. [Barry then read his speech. Vigorous applause.]

Michigan's Governor George Romney: I understand Goldwater's private position on civil rights, and it is fine. But why not put the same position publicly?

Goldwater: My position is one of total opposition to segregation. As a member of the N.A.A.C.P. and a found-

er of the Urban League in my state, I have expressed this position. I have and I will continue to bend over backwards not to touch the tinderbox of civil rights.

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller: The Republican Party in New York is caught between the Conservatives on one side and the Democrats on the other. Therefore the position taken by Barry Goldwater on diversity of opinion is important. There must be unity at more than just the top level in the party. Will you try to persuade the Conservatives not to enter a senatorial candidate in New York?

Goldwater: I will do what I can. **Rockefeller:** It is essential that you make your statements on racism, lawlessness and extremist tactics absolutely clear to counter the image you have picked up.

Goldwater: I am trying to do so. I don't know what more I can say.

Eisenhower: What we ought to do is to keep emphasizing the side of Barry Goldwater we know to be there—his honesty, his courage, his integrity.

Maine's Governor John H. Reed: Senator, in view of the discussion here this morning and the answers you have given to the questions, all of my reservations are dispelled. I am here to say that I fully support you and the entire Republican ticket. [Loud applause.]

With that, the G.O.P. leaders adjourned, and exhibiting the glowing satisfaction of a Hershey kiss, declared their resolute unity to the waiting press. Dwight Eisenhower cheerily cited sections from Goldwater's speech to show

"LET ME ASSURE YOU . . ."

Key remarks from Goldwater's talk at Hershey last week:

WAR & PEACE. "If I were asked to name the No. 1 problem facing the Republican Party at the national level in this election, I would say it is the totally wrong view our opponents will try to din into the minds of every American voter—namely, that the election of a Republican President in November will somehow lead to war. This is the supreme political lie, and we've got to label it for what it is. Let me assure you here and now that a Goldwater-Miller Administration will mean an immediate return to the proven policy of peace through strength, which was the hallmark of the Eisenhower years. The Eisenhower-Dulles approach to foreign affairs is our approach."

IMPULSIVENESS. "We will hear over and over again until November such words as 'impulsive,' 'trigger-happy,' 'imprudent,' 'hip-shooting' and the like. Now, I wonder if the really 'impulsive' and 'imprudent' President isn't the one who is so indecisive and vacillating that he has no policy at all—with the result that potential aggressors are prompted to move because they know we have no policy. However, I can assure you that I would not appoint anyone to the offices of Secretary of State or Secretary of Defense or other critical national security posts until I had first discussed my plans for those appointments with General Eisenhower, Dick Nixon and other experienced leaders seasoned in world affairs. If all this amounts to an impulsive and trigger-happy approach to foreign policy, then I fear the English language has lost its meaning."

UNITED NATIONS. "I support unconditionally the purposes the U.N. was originally intended to serve. I believe we must make the fullest possible use of the U.N. and work hard to improve it. And while the U.N. was never designed to be a substitute for a clear and resolute U.S. foreign policy, we must take all reasonable steps to help the U.N. become a more effective instrument for peace among nations."

SOCIAL SECURITY, WELFARE. "And let me also repeat—for perhaps the one-millionth time, lest there be any doubt in anyone's mind—that I support the Social Security system, and I want to see it strengthened. Under a Goldwater-Miller Administration, every American will be assured of a compassionate and understanding approach by the Federal Government to the human problems growing out of automation, the rising costs incident to catastrophic illness, unemployment, the costs of education and the like."

CIVIL RIGHTS. "A Goldwater-Miller Administration pledges faithful execution of the 1964 Civil Rights Law. For myself, I reject any suggestion that I would do otherwise based on my individual vote as a Senator when the 1964 act was approved by the Senate. Further, I will use the great moral influence of the presidency to promote prompt and peaceful observance of civil rights laws."

EXTREMISM. "I seek the support of no extremist—of the left or the right. We repudiate character assassins, vigilantes, Communists and any group such as the Ku Klux Klan that seeks to impose its views through terror or threat or violence."

why he "fully supports" Goldwater. Ike confessed that he had felt "uncertainties" about Barry after San Francisco. "I think a great many people did. I think we all recognize that, and that's one of the reasons for the meeting—to get all of these differences, uncertainties, discussed. I asked Senator Goldwater for certain explanations. This he gave me. I am right on Senator Goldwater's team as much as he wants me."

In Goldwater's view, the address was "no conciliatory speech at all. It merely reaffirms what I've been saying throughout the campaign. Now sometimes it hasn't gotten through quite clearly. I don't know why, but there are reasons. I suppose. I'm very satisfied with today's meeting. I think it was very, very productive. I look forward now to a greatly strengthened party and victorious results in November."

The What-Was-Said Gap

Both the capability and the control of the U.S. nuclear arsenal were on the way to becoming major issues in the presidential campaign. Last week Barry Goldwater launched a verbal missile on each subject and drew a massive retaliation from the Johnson Administration.

Fire One. At a national meeting of county officials in Washington, Goldwater touched off a Pentagon flap by charging that a weapons gap looms ahead. Said he: "Under our present defense leadership, with its utter disregard for new weapons, our deliverable nuclear capacity may be cut down by 90% in the next decade." The Pentagon promptly labeled that statement "totally false."

Actually, Goldwater's estimate had some basis in fact—as far as it went. Goldwater figures that the U.S. Strategic Air Command's estimated 1,080 first-line bombers can carry 24-megaton bombs, or 25,920 megatons of destructive power. He places total megaton capability of U.S. missiles at 2,650. Goldwater assumes that all but about 50 of the SAC planes will have been phased out by the mid-'70s. From Pentagon announcements, furthermore, Goldwater researchers place the mid-'70s missile force at 1,000 Minuteman and 656 Polaris missiles, each capable of delivering a one-megaton payload. Deliverable capacity then would be 1,656 megatons from missiles, plus 1,200 megatons from the aging bombers—a reduction from 28,570 to 2,856, or 90%.

The key point, however, is that the Pentagon considers total megatonnage less crucial than the capacity to deliver a sufficient number of warheads to do the required job. The current strategy says bombers are less likely to penetrate enemy defenses than missiles are. Furthermore, says the Pentagon, the U.S. will be flying considerably more than 50 SAC bombers ten years hence, and that by that time the retaliatory forces will have been beefed up by 5,000 TFX fighter-bombers, as well as the Polaris and Minuteman missiles.

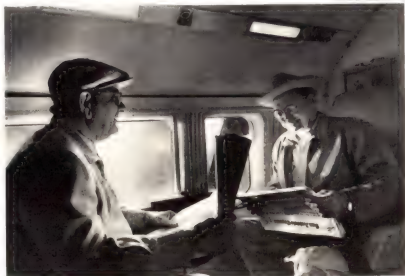
Fire Two. The second Goldwater shot concerns what might be called the "orders gap." In Hershey last week, Barry, in responding to accusations that he is "trigger-happy," told newsmen that Lyndon Johnson had killed that issue himself with an "impulsive action that nobody has condemned, by telling subordinate commanders to use any weapons necessary" in the Gulf of Tonkin fortnight ago. "Do you mean that the President has given field commanders the right to use any weapons, including atomic weapons?" asked a reporter. "I would suggest you read his admonition to the commander of the Seventh Fleet in which he said to use any weapons," replied Barry. "Now I think I know what he means, but I also know what I meant when I said that the supreme commander of NATO should have a little more say-so in the choice of tactical nuclear weapons—and I imagine that those people—although I don't know—in the Pacific

said rather lamely that he had not intended to imply that nuclear weapons were authorized, but only that the public could have got that impression. He accused President Johnson and Secretary McNamara of using "imprecise" language. At week's end Lyndon Johnson blasted Barry by name at a press conference, termed his suggestion that fleet commanders had been given authority to use nuclear weapons "preposterous," said that such "loose charges" were "a disservice to our national security, a disservice to peace, and for that matter, a great disservice to the entire free world."

THE PRESIDENCY

The Multimillionaire

Lyndon Johnson was born hard-scrabbling poor in a ramshackle Texas farmhouse, but he soon learned the value of hard work, good luck, quick wits and bold maneuver. After 27 years



L.B.J. & TRUSTEE MOURSUND IN HELICOPTER OVER TEXAS
Hard work, good luck, quick wits and bold maneuver.

have a right to use these weapons if the commander feels it's necessary."

This time both Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara branded Barry's assumption as "unjustified and irresponsible." White House Press Secretary George Reedy said that no such authority had been granted and that a search of "the statements the President has made and all of the supporting papers," including orders to the fleet, had failed to turn up any language that could lead to such an interpretation. The orders, in fact, specifically stipulated the use of "conventional ordnance only."

Later, a Goldwater staff member said the Republican candidate was actually referring to Defense Secretary McNamara's statement that the naval commanders had been told to use "whatever force is necessary." And Goldwater

of service in modestly paid public offices, he has managed to become one of the richest Presidents in U.S. history. He himself would estimate the family fortune at about \$4,000,000, but others put it a good deal higher. This week, LIFE puts the Johnson fortune at about \$14 million, and tells a detailed story of how it grew.

The KTBC Story. The cornerstone of Johnson holdings is KTBC, an Austin radio-TV operation that was bought in 1943 with a \$17,500 certified check from Lady Bird Johnson. At that time, KTBC was an unsuccessful 250-watt radio station that had been in trouble with the Federal Communications Commission over regulatory violations. As Johnson family lore has it, it is the President's wife who has parlayed an inheritance of \$67,000 and some Alabama land into the present family fortune by masterminding both purchase

and management of KTBC. But other people recall it differently.

A syndicate of Texas businessmen had been trying to buy KTBC long before the Johnsons entered the scene, but the FCC refused to approve the sale. In December 1942, a member of the syndicate, Austin Businessman F. G. Kingsbery, met with Lyndon Johnson, then a 34-year-old Congressman. As Kingsbery remembered that meeting, Lyndon first reminded him that Kingsbery's son had obtained an appointment to the Naval Academy through Johnson's office. Said Lyndon: "Now, F.G., I'm not a lawyer or a newspaperman. I have no means of making a living. At one time I had a second-class teaching license, but it has long since expired. I understand you've bought the radio station. I'd like to go in with you or have the station myself."

Kingsbery suggested to Johnson that he "make his peace" with heirs of the

companies. In 1954, when Lyndon was Senate minority leader, the Johnsons bought KANG, a founding UHF (ultra-high frequency) television station in Waco. The FCC had just given a VHF license to a proposed Waco TV outlet, KWTX, CBS, which had been negotiating with KWTX, quickly decided to award its contract to KANG instead. Shortly thereafter, so did ABC. Then, with FCC approval, the Johnsons increased the transmitting power of their Austin station and made a costly swath across KWTX's viewing and advertising market. KWTX pushed an unsuccessful federal antitrust action against the Johnsons, finally gave up and agreed to sell them 29.05% of its stock in a trade for KANG—including the major network franchises that KANG had sewed up.

"An Obvious Pressure." The FCC says that Johnson has never tried to intervene in the agency's radio-TV rul-

Co. Originated in 1955 as a real estate developer's device for holding an old building at Brazos and Tenth Streets in Austin, it is now a freewheeling, highly diversified outfit.

Land Baron A. W. Moursund, 45, longtime friend and now principal trustee of the President's financial interests,* says that no Johnson family member has a direct interest in the company. Yet an example of Brazos-Tenth's complicated intertwining with the Johnsons turned up in early 1962. On Feb. 1 the LBJ Co. sold some subdivided lots to Brazos-Tenth. The deed was signed by J. C. Kellam, president of the LBJ Co., and by Donald Thomas, the LBJ Co. secretary. Before the day was over, essentially the same real estate package was sold by Brazos-Tenth to Lyndon Johnson himself. Again Donald Thomas signed the deed—this time as president of Brazos-Tenth.

In recent years, Brazos-Tenth has acquired about \$1,000,000 worth of stock in nine Texas banks. In one recent case, ownership of a thriving little bank, Moore State Bank in Llano, Texas, changed hands after two big blocks of stock were sold—749 shares to Moursund's mother, 749 to Brazos-Tenth. Those shares constituted controlling interest in the bank, and one Moore State stockholder said later: "After the transaction was closed, Mr. Johnson spoke of it to me at a party and thanked me for selling."

Back to the Land. The Johnsons—as individuals, as corporate entities or through agents—have also acquired sizable amounts of Texas land, most of it since 1960. According to LBJ's accounting, the family owns eight ranches estimated at a value of \$1,250,000; resort and residential property (including 200 acres of prized Austin property, some selling as high as \$30,000 an acre) worth about \$2,250,800; Alabama land worth about \$100,000.

An official accounting of the Johnson family's full fortune, disclosed by Trustee Moursund, indicates that the President personally owns about \$400,000 in municipal bonds, ranch land, lake property, livestock and cash. Mrs. Johnson's holdings add up to \$2,500,000—the great bulk of it (\$2,030,000) in Texas Broadcasting Corp. stock. And the Johnson daughters, Lynda Bird, 20, and Luci Barnes, 17, each hold \$630,000 in Texas Broadcasting stock and real estate. That totals \$4,160,000 for the family.

Those figures are based largely on book values. Full market value is something else. The broadcast properties, for example, could well fetch \$8 or \$9 million today; real estate, around \$3.5 million; cash and municipal bonds, \$500,000; miscellaneous personal property, \$400,000—a presidential fortune, all told, of about \$13 or \$14 million.

* Lyndon and Lady Bird put all their holdings in trust when Johnson assumed the presidency; neither has any say in the operation of the trust.



ENTRANCE TO THE LBJ RANCH NEAR JOHNSON CITY
Also, a broadcasting empire.

late Austin Publisher J. M. West, who had originally headed the syndicate. Recalled Kingsbery: "Lyndon told me he was going up to the West ranch to talk business, and he did, and he came away with KTBC."

The Monopoly. By 1952, when Lyndon Johnson was a U.S. Senator, television arrived, and the FCC gave KTBC the only very high frequency (VHF) channel in Austin. The station quickly picked up highly profitable contracts to carry programs from all three major networks—CBS, NBC and ABC. Unlike most single-channel cities, there is no "overlap" from stations in nearby cities—which means that the Johnsons own a television advertising monopoly in the whole Austin area.

The KTBC operation was first named the Texas Broadcasting Corp., renamed the LBJ Co., then changed back to Texas Broadcasting after Johnson became President. It has expanded considerably, now includes real estate holdings and shares in other broadcasting

ings—in Texas or anywhere else. Said one FCC man recently: "I've never once had anybody pressure me on behalf of Lyndon Johnson. The pressure there is an obvious one, though. It simply stems from the position occupied, particularly when you have a company named the LBJ Co." A longtime KTBC employee recalled a meeting of the station's department heads in Austin. Said he: "Both the Johnsons were there. Mrs. Johnson asked a few questions and made observations. After about 30 minutes, Johnson began talking. It was all business about the station. He's a powerful person. Whenever he came into the station, he set things buzzing. Frankly, he scared hell out of a lot of people." And of the Waco deal, a director of KWTX says: "There is no questioning the fact that Johnson was in on the negotiations for the merger. And he was the only one in on them."

Indirect Interest? Aside from the Johnsons' broadcasting empire, there is the matter of the Brazos-Tenth Street

DEMOCRATS

Money in the Till

To distribution points across the U.S. last week went 100,000 copies of the Democratic Party's convention program, probably the slickest of its kind ever run off a press. Bound in hard white linen, bordered with a tasteful gold line, and bearing about as much resemblance to the G.O.P.'s run-of-the-mill convention program as an expensive Shakespeare folio does to the program for the Slippery Rock-East Stroudsburg football game, it will be available for purchase when the Democrats convene in Atlantic City, N.J., on Aug. 24.

Blue-Chip Prices. Of the book's 200 pages, 98 contain ads. for which many blue-chip U.S. firms paid blue-chip prices. Coca-Cola laid out \$25,000 for its four-color, back-page layout. Pepsi got the first ad page for \$20,000. Others—Ford, Xerox, Union Pacific, etc.—went for \$15,000 a page, three times as much as the G.O.P. charged. The ads will put close to \$1,500,000 into the Democratic till, and the party hopes to boost its gross well beyond \$2,000,000 by selling hard-cover copies for \$10, soft-cover versions for \$5. The Republicans, by comparison, took in only \$300,000 in advertising, charged \$5 for their programs.

Lavishly illustrated, the Democrats' book was put together by Texan George C. Bevel Jr., a Manhattan and Washington publicity man who lined up a host of big-name authors to write the text. Lyndon Johnson personally selected some of the authors, personally approved all of them before they got the go-ahead. Political Writer Sidney Hyman contributed four articles on such things as the development of the Democratic Party and a history of dark horses; Harvard Historian and ex-White House Aide Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has an essay on John F. Kennedy, to whom the book is dedicated; bouncy blonde fearwriter Marianne Means discusses famous First Ladies; Freelancer John Bartlow Martin, who was U.S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic under Kennedy, has turned out a piece on the Kennedy record.

Pure Puff. Some of the material is informative and some of it is pure puff. And nothing is quite as puffily as Nobel-prizewinning Novelist John Steinbeck's panegyric, "A President—Not a Candidate." Sample Steinbeck observations about Lyndon Johnson:

"He loves to hunt, but not necessarily to kill. . . . He does not kill for sport—only when he wants a piece of venison or a bird to eat."

"What does he hate? Well, he hates gossip, for one thing. Tell him a piece of malicious gossip and you make him your enemy."

"What does he read? History, sociology, economics and some biography."

"Is he sensitive to criticism of himself? Not if it is deserved—not if he can learn from it."

Sort of gets you.



REPUBLICAN DIRKSEN
Today, reapportionment . . .

THE CONGRESS

A Squeeze on Both Their Houses

"There is almost volcanic feeling in the country today," orated Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, speaking on the subject of federal courts and the state legislatures. "I see nothing but legislative and judicial chaos in this country unless something is done." With that, Dirksen offered an amendment to do something about the U.S. Supreme Court's June 15 reapportionment ruling.

In that historic decision, the court decreed that both houses of state legislatures must be apportioned according to population. In most cases it has been traditional for only one house to be so apportioned, but the Supreme Court held this unconstitutional, since it denied the principle of "one man, one vote." That seemed clear enough, even though it meant that a considerable amount of confusion would follow dur-

ing the next few years as the states cranked up the machinery of compliance. The big trouble is that many state legislatures do not want to reapportion themselves, since the general thrust of such a move would shift increased legislative power from rural constituencies to urban centers.

The Object: Delay. On Capitol Hill the outcry was immediate and immense. A flood of bills and resolutions dropped into the hoppers. All were designed to blunt the Supreme Court's ruling, and some proposed smothering the ruling altogether by amending the U.S. Constitution to deny the federal courts the right to rule on such matters.

The object, therefore, was to delay implementation of any reapportionment schemes until such time as the Congress and the states could effect a constitutional amendment barring jurisdiction of the federal courts. To this end, Ev Dirksen filed a rider onto the foreign aid bill. It was a shrewd move: President Johnson could ill afford to veto foreign aid just to kill an obnoxious amendment. Dirksen's proposal required that federal courts, "in the absence of unusual circumstances," automatically grant stays in reapportionment cases if so much as one citizen in an affected state requested it. To Senate liberals and Administration loyalists, the Dirksen rider was distasteful because they felt that it threatened the integrity of the judicial process. Almost immediately a flock of dissident Senators threatened to filibuster the measure to pieces.

"A Harsh Method." The squeeze was on in the House too. Chief agent of delay there was Virginia's Democratic Congressman William Tuck, 67, and his proposal brooked no "unusual circumstances"; it simply prohibited the federal courts from moving into reapportionment cases period. Tuck's proposal was bogged down in the Judiciary Committee until last week, when Virginia's Judge Howard Smith, boss of the Rules Committee, obligingly lifted it out of Judiciary and started it on its way to the House floor.

In a fiery Rules session, Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, Judiciary Committee chairman, sputtered angrily about the treatment he was getting from Smith, but was even more dismayed at the potential effect of Tuck's bill. "If you can take away jurisdiction over reapportionment today," Celler said, "tomorrow you can take away jurisdiction over civil rights, and the next day over antitrust cases." Countered Tuck: "This may be a harsh method, but I know no other way to see the right thing done."

At week's end Congress was stalled dead center over the reapportionment controversy, and most members had virtually given up hope of adjourning before next week's Democratic National Convention.

Before it bogged down last week, the Congress also:

► Completed, in the Senate, congressional action on the \$947.5 million anti-



DEMOCRAT TUCK
. . . tomorrow, civil rights.

poverty bill, and sent it on to the White House. The President will sign it into law this week.

► Cut, in the Senate, \$216.7 million out of the foreign-aid authorization bill. In other aid-bill amendments, the Senate increased the interest rate on new commercial development loans to 34%, and obliged Indonesia's left-leaning President Sukarno, who said recently that the U.S. could "go to hell with its aid," by banning all aid whatsoever to his country.

NEW YORK

The Carpetbagger

Another chapter in the engrossing political drama of Robert Francis Kennedy—a drama that asks the question: Can a little fellow from a big family that comes from an Irish town in New England find happiness as a U.S. Senator from New York? As of last week, Bobby Kennedy decided that yes, he could. But there were as yet a few stumbling blocks.

Supporting the Pitch. The biggest block was New York's Democratic Mayor Wagner, who was being pressured by Kennedy forces to endorse Bobby's candidacy. As it happens, Wagner would just as soon see Bobby search elsewhere for his happiness. First of all, Wagner had struggled mightily in recent years to wrest a working control of the New York State Democratic machinery from oldtime bosses like the Bronx's Charles Buckley, Buffalo's Peter Crotty, Brooklyn's Stanley Steingut and Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell. And these men were now the very ones who were supporting Bobby Kennedy's pitch. To welcome Kennedy into New York would mean collaborating with that bunch, and Wagner had no desire to do that.

Another factor militating against a Wagner endorsement was pressure from New York's highly vocal reform Democrats, some of whom consider Kennedy not only an interloping carpetbagger, but, what's worse, much too conservative for their liking: he's all right on civil rights, but then there is the question of civil liberties. The liberals would prefer to have U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, who is not interested.

Bobby was also getting the cold shoulder from major New York State newspapers. A survey of comment in twelve of them showed nine opposed to his candidacy, two in favor and one neutral. The New York Times, a staunch backer of Jack Kennedy in 1960, scoffed that Bobby "apparently needs New York. But does New York really need Bobby Kennedy?"

Off on a Cruise. While Kennedy himself stayed away from last-minute politicking by scooting off to Maine for a cruise, he was leaving nothing to chance. Kennedy workers, led by Brother-in-Law Stephen Smith, have lined up a sizable number of delegates to the

state Democratic convention, to be held in Manhattan on Sept. 1, and Smith & Co. have already managed to persuade some of Wagner's friends to go along with Bobby. As a result, Bob Wagner may have no choice other than to unbag the carpet for Kennedy this week.

If, as is likely, Bobby should get the nomination, he will probably run against Republican Kenneth Keating, who has yet to announce officially that he will run for a second term. Keating still has to decide whether he can in good conscience support Barry Goldwater, with whose views he differs strongly. He has an additional problem in that the Conservative Party wants to run former Congresswoman and ex-Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce for the Senate. Mrs. Luce is seriously considering the idea. If she rejects it, most Republicans figure that Keating might be able to take enough Republican and Democratic votes together in November to beat the carpetbagger.



WINNER WILKINSON
Bearing Barry's blessing.

UTAH

How It Is Out There

When Millionaire Mormon Ernest L. (for Leroy) Wilkinson, 65, resigned as president of Utah's Brigham Young University earlier this year, he gave as his reason "new challenges." That seemed odd. Wilkinson, a Napoleon-size (5 ft. 5 in.) ultraconservative, had already met enough challenges for ten men. A Utah-born Washington lobbyist-lawyer, he spent 15 years making a name—and a reported \$1,500,000—in winning a \$31.7 million land-compensation judgment for the Ute Indian Tribe in 1950. He returned home that same year to become the \$1-a-year president of faltering Brigham Young University, where students soon began calling him Ernie the Attorney (but not to his face). In the years since then, Wilkin-

son had increased enrollment fourfold, beefed up the dwindling faculty, raised and spent \$30 million on new buildings. What sort of new challenge could such a man want?

Geffing the Shaft. The answer was not long in coming. Wilkinson announced for the Republican senatorial nomination. Also running was Utah's Republican Congressman Sherman Lloyd, 50, a handsome, suave political comer with a distinguished eight-year record in the state senate. Lloyd, who had shown himself to be an able Representative in his one term in Congress, seemed to be a natural for the G.O.P. nomination to the Senate—but that was before Ernie the Attorney got into the fight.

Lloyd, charged Wilkinson, had missed 38% of the House's roll-call votes this year, was not even present when the House slashed \$2,000,000 from an appropriation for Utah's Hill Air Force Base or when it voted on Utah reclamation projects. But in conservative-minded Utah, the most damaging of all Wilkinson's charges was that Moderate Lloyd was just that—a moderate.

For evidence, Wilkinson pointed out that the Americans for Constitutional Action, which rates legislators according to their conservative stands, pegged Lloyd as voting conservative "only 64% of the time." Not only that, said Wilkinson, Lloyd had voted for the civil rights bill. So when Wilkinson bought newspaper ads headlined **IS LLOYD BECOMING A LIBERAL?** Utahans got the drift, and Lloyd got the shaft.

Record Primary. Lloyd hotly denied the charges of chronic absenteeism and particularly protested that he was not either a liberal. His A.C.A. rating, he explained, was the most conservative of the four-man Utah congressional delegation. To bolster his defense, Lloyd last week bought Election Eve ads of his own in the papers, ran a picture showing himself with the G.O.P. presidential ticket. But Ernie Wilkinson was ready for that challenge too. He called Barry Goldwater, got a statement of support, and took space of his own in final editions to boast that he, and not Lloyd, had Barry's blessing.

That swung it for Ernie. Next day, a record primary turnout of Utah Republicans gave Wilkinson the nomination, 61,113 to 59,454. In November he will face Incumbent Democratic Senator Frank Moss. The way things stand now, Wilkinson can start packing to move back to Washington.

CIVIL RIGHTS

White Tears in Georgia

Trembling with rage, balding, bespectacled Atlanta Restaurateur Lester Maddox stood in the doorway of his Pick-nick fried-chicken spot one day last week and screamed at two Negroes: "You no-good dirty devils! You've just put 66 people out of a job! You dirty

Communists!" With that, Segregationist Maddox announced, "We're closed for good." Then, tears streaming down his cheeks, he stepped outside, and by way of explaining how segregation was really the will of God, began reading the Ten Commandments to a crowd of sympathetic whites.

Maddox's stand was the upshot of the first major challenge to the hotly disputed public-accommodations section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Just 2 hrs. and 10 min. after President Johnson had signed the bill, Maddox ordered three Negroes away from his place at gunpoint. Then, a three-judge panel in Atlanta ordered him to desegregate the Pickrick, but instead, he and Moreton Rolleston Jr., operator of the Heart of Atlanta Motel, asked Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black (who oversees the South's Fifth Judicial Circuit) to stay the effectiveness of the lower court's ruling. Black refused to do so, explaining that to delay the enforcement of the law would be an "unjustifiable" restraint on the will of Congress. He said that the full Supreme Court should resolve the case as soon as possible, and expressed the hope for "final argument the first week we meet in October."

That was not good enough for Maddox. "It's involuntary servitude!" he cried. "We will never integrate!" At the Pickrick's entrance he placed a box of red-painted ax handles marked "Souvenir—Or Otherwise—\$2" for white customers who wanted to keep his fried chicken inviolate. Near by he also placed a dummy with a knife in its back and red paint smeared over it, explained that this symbolized the "American free-enterprise system, states' rights and freedom," which were now "stabbed, bleeding and dying."



LOSER MADDOX & DUMMY
Ending a childhood dream.

Defiant to the end, Maddox strapped a snub-nosed pistol to his side, rushed up to the door when Negroes appeared. When a U.S. district court ordered him to show cause why he should not be cited for contempt, Maddox caved in and closed the Pickrick. "The President, the Congress and the Communists have closed my business and ended my childhood dream," he said. "Not me. They did it."

Black Rage in New Jersey

Like summer lightning, racial riots flashed across the North once again last week, this time striking two New Jersey industrial centers.

Trouble erupted first in Paterson, a city of 146,000 people (one-sixth of them Negroes), when a pack of carousing teen-agers in the slum Fourth Ward began pelting passing police cars with bottles and rocks. Soon hundreds of Negroes were racing through the streets, smashing windows and hurling debris at police. Almost simultaneously, 20 miles south of Paterson, hit-and-run bombers in Elizabeth, a city of 110,000 people (with 20,000 Negroes), pitched Molotov cocktails into three taverns. Before long, hundreds of Negroes were flinging bottles and bricks from rooftops and street corners.

Both cities had been braced for trouble. "Ever since the Harlem riots," said Paterson Mayor Frank X. Graves Jr., 40, a tough ex-tank commander, "we've been on pins and needles." For three nights, angry mobs shattered store windows and clashed with helmeted riot cops. On Elizabeth's waterfront, center of the rioting there, 300 Negro youths scuffled with the police and with 100 white toughs.

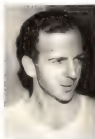
In Paterson a dozen punks boarded a bus, smashed windows and terrorized passengers. Negroes in a third-floor tenement rained debris down on a group of cops, then slammed the window. Firemen quickly scrambled up a ladder, smashed the window and seized two men and a woman. When bottles came hurtling out of another building, a flying wedge of cops charged in, flushed nine youths and arrested all but one—a child of seven or eight whom Mayor Graves whisked once on the behind and sent home.

All told, 20 people were injured and 83—many of them hoodlums with previous records—were arrested. One man charged with smashing windows in Paterson was swiftly convicted and sentenced to a year in jail.

Negro leaders laid the violence to the wrongs of ghetto life. Paterson's Mayor Graves conceded that Negroes in his city had just complaints, but he argued angrily that the riots were not a legitimate expression of their grievances. Said Graves, as he slapped a ban on all Fourth Ward public assemblies except weddings and funerals: "This was just plain old lousy lawbreakers who are using their color to say they can't be arrested."

HISTORICAL NOTES A Compendium of Curious Coincidences

Wherever collectors of odd facts congregate these days, the conversation almost invariably turns to the uncanny parallels in the lives—and deaths—of Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy. How ever it started, it has added up to a compendium of curious coincidences. Last week even the *C.O.P. Congressional Committee Newsletter*, with



OSWALD



BOOTH

Two assassins, 15 letters each.

a circulation among 15,000 Republicans, joined in the game with its own list. There were no political motives, explained *Newsletter* Editor Edward Neff. "We just thought of them as interesting." Among the fascinating facts:

Lincoln was elected in 1860, Kennedy in 1960. Both were deeply involved in the civil rights struggle. The names of each contain seven letters. The wife of each President lost a son when she was First Lady. Both Presidents were shot on a Friday. Both were shot in the head, from behind, and in the presence of their wives. Both presidential assassins were shot to death before they could be brought to trial. The names John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey Oswald each contain 15 letters. Lincoln and Kennedy were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson. Tennessee's Andrew Johnson, who followed Lincoln, was born in 1808; Texas Lyndon Johnson was born in 1908.

As these coincidences have been circulated, the facts have been embellished more than a little to fit. Many of the lists have it that Booth was born in 1839 and Oswald in 1939. Booth, in fact, was born in 1838. Some accounts point out that Lee Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theater, while Booth shot Lincoln in a theater and ran to a warehouse. But Booth's refuge, where he was killed twelve days after shooting Lincoln, was in fact a tobacco-curing barn. Beyond this the twists have gotten ridiculous. It has been noted that Kennedy was shot while riding in a Lincoln made by Ford. Lincoln of course was shot in Ford's Theater. In the end there is one flippant that has caused some political eyebrows to swivel: Andrew Johnson, after he filled out the remainder of Lincoln's second term, was followed in the White House by a Republican whose last name began with G.

THE WORLD

THE CONGO

Tiptoe to the Rescue

A trifle clumsily, the U.S. last week tried to tiptoe to the rescue of the Congo government. Alarmed at the mounting conquests of leftist-backed warriors and unable to interest friendly African or European countries in helping Premier Moïse Tshombe's be-



PREMIER TSHOMBE & ENVOY WILLIAMS
Who rides shotgun?

leaguered government, Washington decided to "strengthen" its military and economic aid.

Off to Leopoldville last week winged four C-130 Hercules transports, which the State Department said would be used to airlift Tshombe's troops and supplies to rebel-threatened areas. Aboard the big planes were 44 hand-picked U.S. paratroopers—equipped with Jeeps, bazookas, grenade launchers and machine guns. What would they be used for? Well, said State, they would guard the planes.

Oh? Just as eyebrows were going up, three U.S. helicopters followed the paratroopers into Leopoldville, and the line was hastily changed. The helicopters would be flown by U.S. pilots on "rescue and logistical missions" for Tshombe's army, and the paratroopers would ride shotgun. But not, said a briefing officer in Leopoldville, as combat troops. Question: Might not their shotgun duties get them into combat situations? Answer: "I cannot comment on that kind of hypothetical question." Still later, another "official" line was that the helicopters would not be used to help Tshombe at all, and had been sent only for possible evacuation of American citizens.

Senatorial Outcry. Whatever their purpose, the paratroopers and helicopters were hardly the first U.S. involvement in the Congo war. Since last month, some 70 American officers and men have been working closely with the Congolese army on guerrilla warfare and paratroop techniques. In addition, the U.S. has given Tshombe's army about ten C-47 transport planes, ten helicopters, 70 Jeeps, 250 trucks, and seven of the ubiquitous little T-28 trainers that have proved so useful on strafing and bombing missions against Communist guerrillas in Southeast Asia. Washington was even thoughtful enough to provide the pilots—and sensitive enough to American public opinion to have recruited them from the ranks of anti-Castro Cubans.

But what would the public say about the latest shipment of U.S. aid? In the Senate, Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, long a supporter of a strong foreign policy, rose to ask if the U.S. was about to enter "another undeclared war," then warned solemnly: "I strongly oppose letting the Congo become our African Viet Nam."

An ominous echo of Stennis' outcry came from deep inside the Congo itself, where rebel leaders of the Red-backed National Liberation Committee now hold sway over vast portions of the lawless hinterland. For weeks the rebels had been warning Belgium that any use of white officers to lead Tshombe's bedraggled troops would lead to the slaughter of the hundreds of Belgian civilians. Now the committee's commander in Stanleyville, "General" Nicholas Olenka, was making threats about Americans as well. "We are a sovereign and independent country, which has an internal war on its hands, and it is for none but ourselves to settle our differences," he declared, adding that more U.S. aid to Tshombe "would most regretfully compel me to reconsider my position vis-à-vis nationals of that country in my territory." The most immediate danger was to the small group of Americans in the consulate at occupied Stanleyville.

Fleeing Population. The Congo government was in no position to help them. Despite strafing attacks by the T-28s, the rebels moved close to the eastern Congo city of Bukavu, and most of its white population were fleeing. Hundreds of miles to the west, dependents of missionaries and United Nations personnel fled out of two other provincial capitals that had been safe the week before. Reports of an advancing rebel column in Katanga were sending waves of fear through Tshombe's former stronghold of Elisabethville.

As usual, Tshombe's dispirited army regulars panicked at almost every confrontation. The powerful army unit ordered by Tshombe to drive the rebels

out of Stanleyville poised menacingly just across the Congo River from the city, then turned and beat one of the fastest retreats in history—560 miles to the rear in one day. At another major town, when a freak lightning bolt blew up an army powder magazine, the terrified garrison, convinced it was surrounded, fired back—in every direction.

About the only man who seemed undisturbed about it all was Premier Tshombe himself. The Premier last week huddled with visiting U.S. Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams, who had rushed to Leopoldville from Washington for discussion of the new rebel crisis. As usual, Tshombe claimed to be optimistic about the whole situation. "We are going to re-establish order quickly and by our own means," he declared, adding stoutly and somewhat contradictorily, "The National Liberation Committee does not exist. They are rebels and outlaws. I never negotiate with outlaws. I have already negotiated enough. However, I am keeping the door open."

NORTHERN RHODESIA

"You Sons of God, Listen"

Even Alice Lenshina had grown alarmed at the wave of slaughter provoked by her fanatic followers. So Alice, the plump black matron who can issue her spearmen "passports to heaven" and turn enemy bullets to water, did what any fugitive, illiterate, resurrected high priestess might be expected to do. She got in touch with her lawyer.

Through one of her senior deacons, the prophetess notified Charles Stacey, a white attorney practicing in Ndola, that she was ready to give herself up—if the government guaranteed her fair treatment. Delighted, Stacey immediately won Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda's consent. One afternoon last week, in a remote mud-bat hideout in

U.S. HELICOPTERS EN ROUTE



the north, Alice Lenshina said farewell to 200 hymn-singing tribesmen, climbed into a Land Rover, and with Stacey at her side, was driven off to jail.

The relieved Kaunda broke into a parliamentary debate to announce the news, and promptly adjourned the session so that his ministers could depart for the stricken countryside to spread word of Lenshina's surrender. In addition, radio stations throughout the land began broadcasting a tape-recorded message from Alice. Composed with her lawyer's aid, it pleaded, "You sons of God, listen to what I have to say. The government and I want to settle our troubles peacefully. I order all our people to return to their villages and not attack anybody. When you have received this message, put a large white circle outside your village. The government will then send my trusted deacons to arrange permanent peace."

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Key Arena

All eyes in Saigon were still staring to the North. In the wake of the U.S. retaliatory blow against North Vietnamese bases, government officials and civilians alike waited with a kind of horrible fascination for some sign of things to come. Crews of workers carved up the city's parks, preparing air-raid shelters for 400,000 of Saigon's 1,500,000 residents, while government pencil pushers cranked up a plan to evacuate hundreds of thousands more in the event of an attack.

Forward in Force. There seemed little possibility that such preparations would soon be put to use. Both Red China and North Viet Nam continued to bellow against the U.S. retaliation, and Peking announced that more than 20 million people on the mainland had taken part in angry demonstrations against the U.S. Breathlessly, the Reds disclosed that in Fukien province alone 150,000 Chinese militiamen were limbering up with grenade-tossing exercises, target practice and river-crossing



drills—and produced carefully posed pictures to prove it. But in terms of actual military support to North Viet Nam, Peking provided only 15 to 20 obsolescent MIG-15 and MIG-17 jet fighters, which would prove no match for the supersonic F-102 Delta Daggers now in South Viet Nam. And even "Hanoi Hannah," the syrupy-voiced English-speaking propagandist of North Viet Nam Radio, was mild-toned. Speaking of U.S. Navy Pilot Everett Alvarez Jr., who was downed in the attack on Hongay, she dwelt on his youth, his wife and family, and his chances of meeting them again if Washington stops its "acts of aggression and provocation."

Meanwhile the grim, grinding battle against the Viet Cong within the borders of South Viet Nam ballooned to bigger-than-life proportions last week—and was as quickly exploded. Over the Communist-dominated district of Ben Cat rendezvoused the largest helicopter armada in the history of warfare—96 choppers carrying rockets, machine guns and 1,000 assault troops. Supported by 4,000 infantrymen, Rangers and counter-guerrilla squads, the attack force hoped to encircle an estimated 1,500 to 2,000 Viet Cong "main force" troops who two weeks earlier had mauled four government battalions in a carefully executed ambush.

Back in Focus. The big airlift was the war's worst-kept secret. In Saigon, government information officers alerted photographers several days in advance. When the troops hit the Ben Cat touchdown, most of the Viet Cong had already slipped away. One U.S. helicopter pilot was killed, as were 20 Communists.

The deflation at Ben Cat seemed to snap South Viet Nam's war back into focus. Air and naval battles north of the 17th Parallel, major confrontations between Washington and Peking, all of that was in a different arena. There still remained the unspectacular, but key arena of South Viet Nam itself. In view of that fact, Premier Nguyen Khanh set out at week's end to reshape his Cabinet with an eye toward a more unified war effort. As U.S. Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor flatly put it last week: "The status of the pacification program is uneven." As far as real pacification was concerned, this was not only a euphemism but an understatement.



CYPRUS

The Careless Smokers

During a 24-hour period on Cyprus last week, only nine shots were fired in anger. This was practically dead silence for the small, cantankerous island that threatens the southern hinge of NATO with dissolution and all of the eastern Mediterranean with embroilment in war between Greece and Turkey.

Cyprus remains a powder keg surrounded by careless smokers. Chief among them is bearded, baffling Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus, whose attempt to overrun the Turkish Cypriot beachhead at Kokkina brought swift retaliation from Turkey in the form of jet fighters. What Makarios could not win by force, he now tried to gain by blockade. Bowing to the cease-fire order of the U.N. Security Council, Makarios fixed a grip of iron around the 80 villages and the fortified quarters of the cities that house the 100,000 people of the Turkish Cypriot minority.

Two bakeries in Nicosia have closed down for lack of fuel. The wells supplying 3,000 Turkish Cypriots surrounded in Ktima are drying up, and a U.N. tank truck was barred from entering the town with emergency water supplies. In many parts of the island fruit and vegetables are rotting in the fields.

Up Goes Grivas. Makarios spent his week gently agreeing with every visitor from the U.N. commander, India's General Kodendera Thimayya, to U.S. Ambassador Taylor G. Belcher, and then going his own way. He seemed unperturbed by the blast from Athens, where Greece's Premier George Papandreu

TO BEN CAT RENDEZVOUS



accused him of launching the drive against Kokkina in violation of a firm promise not to attack without Greek knowledge and consent. When the Greek army officer commanding Makarios' National Guard resigned for the same reason, Makarios simply appointed in his place General George Grivas, the tough old resistance fighter who led the four-year guerrilla war against the British.

Visiting burned and wounded air-raided victims, Makarios wept as he was surrounded by sobbing relatives. He denounced Turkey's "cowardly, barbaric and brutal attack" and cried that Ankara would never succeed, because "Greeks die but do not surrender."

Expelled Greeks. As Makarios spoke, his Greek Cypriot loyees were building up their strength in the Kokkina area for what the U.N. feared might be a second strike against the small Turkish Cypriot redoubt, where refugees from other villages huddled in caves. Such a step would certainly provoke another wave of Turkish retaliation from the mainland; in fact, many expect the Turks to attack again. In Thimayya's opinion, Turkey may "bomb Cyprus to save its people from starvation and make Makarios lift the blockade." In the Turkish capital Premier Ismet Inönü was desperately trying to placate hotheads at home and come to agreement with

angered and disgusted with Makarios, but he nevertheless rebuffed Inönü's offer of direct negotiation, which, he said, "would only produce false solutions that would worsen the situation and lead to disaster." If the efforts at U.N. mediation should fail, Papandreu added, the Cyprus problem should go to the General Assembly—exactly what Makarios wants, because he hopes that the Assembly will back his stand that repression of the Turkish Cypriots is an internal affair.

Turkish Cubo. Papandreu must move with special care because, if it comes to war, Greece is at a great disadvantage. Not only are there 30 million Turks to 8,500,000 Greeks, but geography also favors Turkey. Cyprus lies only 40 miles off Turkey's coast within easy reach of its planes and ships, while the nearest Greek air base is on Crete, 450 miles from Cyprus. As NATO partners, both armies are using U.S. equipment, but Turkey has far more planes, tanks and other weaponry than does Greece. The Greek navy is more of a match for Turkey, but it could not move to the aid of Cyprus without outrunning its air cover.

In Cyprus at week's end, cicadas droned in the midsummer heat and sentries dozed over their Bren guns in sandbagged positions on the high ridges. But the quiet was deceptive, openly charac-

GREAT BRITAIN

The Man with the Golden Bond

One golden day early in 1952, wearing shorts, sandals and a blue T-shirt, Ian Fleming sat down before a portable typewriter in a beach house on the Caribbean island of Jamaica. "The scent and smoke and sweat of a Casino are natscating at three in the morning," he wrote. "James Bond suddenly knew that he was tired."

With those opening words of *Casino Royale*, tough, handsome James Bond of the British Secret Service was born, soon to be hailed by millions of devotees the world over from Presidents (including John F. Kennedy) and princes to postmen and plumbers. All were effortlessly drawn into a magic country of tension and torture, peopled by pliant, pneumatic blondes, sturdily, self-sacrificing friends, and hordes of mean-eyed villains possessing every evil gift except the knack of shooting straight when firing at James Bond.

Snowballing Cult. Ian Fleming made this first excursion into adventure fiction "as a counterirritant or antibody to my hysterical alarm at getting married at the age of 43." The bride was beautiful, brunette Anne Geralline, the recently divorced wife of Lord Rothermere, who had cited Fleming as correspondent.

Ian Fleming had been born with ex-



MAKARIOS VISITING GREEK CYPRIOT VICTIM



TURKISH CYPRIOTS IN CAVE SHELTER

While cicadas drone, the wells dry up.

Greece abroad. The Turkish air force commander, General Irfan Tansel, emerged angrily from a meeting with Inönü, crossed his wrists to show newsmen that he was being handcuffed by the halting of air strikes against Cyprus. Inönü sent a personal message to Papandreu, urging an early meeting and optimistically declaring that agreement on Cyprus could be reached in a month. To put pressure on Athens, Turkey continued the expulsion of 12,000 Greek citizens living in Istanbul.

In Athens, Papandreu seemed both

terized by U.N. Commander Thimayya as "only a breather." Without much success, he was frantically trying to get U.N. troop units sandwiched between the opposing sides at Kokkina as a way to prevent another outbreak. At the same time, he appealed to U.N. headquarters for more troops, arguing that his 6,000 men were not enough to keep the peace; but no one was volunteering. Meanwhile, the careless smokers lingered at the powder keg. Declared Thimayya at week's end: "I am completely pessimistic."

everything except money. The creation of James Bond made up for that lack. It returned him an estimated million dollars a year over the past decade and permitted the luxury of a London town house just across the road from Buckingham Palace, a vast apartment by the sea at Sandwich, a Jamaican retreat called Goldeneye, and comfortable, carpeted offices just off Fleet Street.

Both his parents were Scottish, and his father, Major Valentine Fleming, D.S.O., was a Conservative Member of Parliament killed in battle in 1916 on



NOVELIST FLEMING

Death was the great silencer.

the Somme River. The major's obituary in the Times was written by his close friend, Winston Churchill. Ian attended Eton and Sandhurst, Britain's West Point, ended up as a correspondent for Reuters news agency in Berlin and Moscow. Switching to high finance, Fleming worked six years as a stockbroker, even though "I never could figure out what a sixty-fourth of a point was." In the next six years of war, Fleming was in naval intelligence, and much of the first book was based on his wartime experiences. James Bond is a composite of commando and intelligence types Fleming knew. The big gambling scene in *Casino Royale* was suggested by a wartime encounter in Lisbon, when Fleming sat down opposite the top German agent in Portugal at the *chemin de fer* table.

At war's end Fleming returned to journalism as foreign manager of the London Sunday Times but stipulated he be allowed two months' vacation annually for his own writing. After *Casino Royale* was published to good reviews in 1953, Fleming produced a book a year, delighting his fans with hilariously preposterous plots hardly meant to be taken seriously. Even before the first Bond movie, *Dr. No*, came out in 1961, the James Bond cult had snowballed into a craze. Fleming's books have been translated into ten languages and had an estimated world sale of 18 million.

Irresistible Combination. The best detective-heroes have always been superbly attuned to their own age. Sherlock Holmes splendidly reflects a Victorian-Edwardian belief in rationality and cool logic; Dashiell Hammett's hard-nosed Sam Spade and Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe were right for the Depression years.

Then came unflappable James Bond, Secret Agent 007, licensed to kill in pursuance of his duty. Bond moved easily through all levels of society, the .25 Beretta automatic snug in its shoulder holster, and was as conspicuous

for his catalogue of brand names as for his consumption of alcohol, racing cars and gourmet meals. Possibly due to his early upbringing in Pett Bottom, near Canterbury, Bond was an inveterate womanizer, and his tastes were truly catholic, ranging from such blue-veined aristocrats as Tatiana Romanova to ex-lesbians such as Pussy Galore. Though thoroughly amoral, Bond nevertheless served the public good—a combination that proved irresistible to an age dedicated to affluence and to being with it.

Soon the literary critics were in full cry. *A New Statesman* pundit called *Dr. No* "the nastiest book" he had ever read, full of "two-dimensional sex longings." Breathing even more heavily, a professor in the *New Republic* discovered mythic overtones and likened poor Bond to Perseus and St. George. Ian Fleming could find only contempt for anyone who tried to read anything into Bond. He quite frankly wrote for money, and did not like his hero very much, although, he admitted, "I admire his efficiency and his way with blondes."

"A Tremendous Lark." Tall, slim and ruddy-faced, with long greying hair, Fleming's passions were fast cars, gambling, golf, bridge and skindiving. Three years ago, after a heart attack, Fleming was warned to cut down on cigarettes, alcohol, and other aspects of the strenuous life. He did to some extent—30 cigarettes a day instead of 60. But, essentially, Fleming was the sort of man to feel that a too-restricted life was not worth living anyway.

He had helped James Bond narrowly escape death by drowning, poison, bullets, knives, giant squids, falling cliffs, steam, rocket exhaust, auto wreck, buzz saw, scorpion bite, lethal plants, sul-tocation and surfeit of women. But there was no one to reciprocate for Ian Fleming, last week, in his apartment at Sandwick, where he was holidaying after reading proof on his latest, and last, James Bond adventure, *The Man With the Golden Gun*. He suffered a second heart attack, and four hours after he reached a hospital at Canterbury, Ian Fleming died. He had already spoken his own epitaph. "Oh," he said, "It's all been a tremendous lark."

The Great Jail Break

Behind the turreted greystone walls of Birmingham's Winson Green prison, the night guard made his regular 15-minute check, looking through the "judas hole" in the door of the maximum security cell where the lights burned all the time. He was satisfied to see the prisoner lying under his blanket, eyes closed, chest gently rising and falling. It was 3:04 a.m., and all was quiet.

But the prisoner was not asleep. Ten minutes later, onetime Bookmaker Charles E. Wilson, 32, was free and away, leaving behind 29 years and eight months of a 30-year sentence. He was one of the twelve men jailed for the greatest cash theft of all time, the

\$7,369,000 robbery of a mail train a year ago. The Great Train Robbery was followed fittingly last week by the Great Jail Break, for it had all the qualities of the robbery—good intelligence work, the right equipment, a daring team to do the job, and a superb plan.

Escape Committee. The incentive was that only \$942,000 of the loot has been recovered, and Wilson surely knew how to lay his hands on much of the balance. Presumably promised a piece of the cash, an underworld "escape committee" reportedly had been planning the break for months.

The criminals planned so well that they knew even the one precise moment during the night when the guard would be alone. Just as he was making his round, a team of probably three men was propping a ladder against the 20-foot wall outside. Swinging down inside on a rope ladder they had brought along, the determined crew dashed across 20 yards of open space and up the steps to the rear of cell block B. They had a key that opened the heavy, studded oak door, and another key to unlock the steel grill barrier just inside. Climbing a flight of stairs to Wilson's floor, the gangmen were ready for the guard when he walked by, and they coshed him just hard enough to keep him quiet during the getaway. With that, the men whipped out a third key



FUGITIVE WILSON

The coshing was just right.

to open Wilson's door. Incredibly, it was a copy of one always kept in a safe in the chief guard's office, and made available only on a guard's written signature. Wilson quickly changed into the civilian clothes they had brought him. Then they made off as they had come, without having awakened a soul.

Nearly Plane. When the guard came to a few minutes later and sounded the alarm, the usual massive police search was set in motion: roadblocks throughout the area, a special alert at airports and docks, lightning raids on London's

underworld haunts, but in the first few days they turned up nothing. Wilson had vanished, perhaps in the car that had parked near the prison that night, perhaps in the light plane seen on a field six miles away. One popular theory put Wilson in Eire, where he might be taking advantage of the fact that its extradition agreement with Britain had recently expired.

Appalled, the British government kept the search going anyhow, and at the same time opened an investigation into the baffling question of how security at Winsor Green had so easily been breached. An initial conclusion: officials were so intent on preventing prisoners from getting out that they had never even considered the problem of someone breaking in.

RUSSIA

The Name's the Shame

It all began when the citizens of Starving Alive protested that they weren't. "Why should a thriving *kolkhoz* [communal] village bear such a degrading name," demanded the local paper, "especially on the eve of the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution? Such names are references to a past that has been overcome. And there are far too many of them."

Indeed there were: some 320 towns in Byelorussia alone bore names like Rootless, Slobville and Dirt; Abscess, Deviltry and Grief.^{*} There was a place called Snout, and another called Corn-on-the-Foot. In the Pinsk district, such villages as Breadless, Emaciation, The Hungry One and The Thin One reflected dishonor on the good officials (and great girls) of the inventor of Goulash Communism himself, Nikita Khrushchev.

But last week all that had changed. By order of the Supreme Soviet of the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic, the shameful names had been changed to ones more rich in hope and Socialist Realism. Among the changes already being incorporated in all Russian maps and tourist guides: Delight, Berry Patch and Pinewoods; Friendship, Cherry Trees and Radiant Glow.

COMMUNISTS

Dragging Heels

When Joseph Stalin was running things, the Kremlin had only to bark a command and heels clicked throughout the Communist world. Now the heels are more likely to drag. Nowhere was the fraying discipline of once-monolithic world Communism more clearly illustrated last week than in a Pravda editorial that all Communists had been awaiting for months.

After nearly a year of intensive interparty bickering, Nikita Khrushchev

finally ordered into motion the machinery that he hopes will rally assistance to his side in Moscow's ideological quarrel with Red China. He invited 25 Red delegations to Moscow on Dec. 15 to lay the groundwork for a full-scale summit meeting of the world's 90-odd Communist parties sometime in 1965. Nikita had hoped to convene his sub-summit this fall, but the recalcitrance of his Eastern European satellites—notably Poland and Rumania—forced him to delay. Both Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka and Rumania's Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej feared that an open split with China would free Khrushchev's hand to impose tighter discipline on them, and both leaders had learned to like their new (but still quite relative) freedom.

In his invitation, Khrushchev was careful to allay fears; indeed, the tone



RAIN DANCERS NEAR OGOGHI RESERVOIR

Down to dry martinis and straight whisky.

of the Pravda editorial was almost wheedling. It solemnly endorsed the "unity through diversity" that Gheorghiu-Dej has demanded, and swore that the purpose of the meeting was not to "excommunicate" anybody. Where earlier this year, Moscow had boasted that "nearly all" parties were in favor of a showdown summit, Pravda meekly moderated its claim last week to a mere "absolute majority." But the phrase that best revealed Khrushchev's uncertainty of control over his onetime charges was a promise "to collaborate conscientiously in those areas where positions and interests coincide, and to refrain in future from any actions harmful to the Communist movement which aggravate difficulties and bring happiness to our class enemies." With that, Nikita sat back anxiously to count his R.S.V.P.s.

ASIA

How Dry They Are

At Tokyo's supermodern Olympic Village last week, drilling crews were digging furiously in four places at once. Storage holes for pole-vault poles, perhaps? No. They were emergency artesian wells. With the 1964 Olympics only eight weeks away, the world's biggest

city (pop. 10.6 million) was running out of water, and fast.

Drained by an exploding population, leaky water mains and an abnormal lack of rainfall, Tokyo's reservoirs have been emptying for three months. Even water rationing, mild at first but increasingly drastic, did little to slow the ebb: by last week there were only 4,800,000 tons of water left—less than the city normally consumes in two days.

To make it last, the government all but declared water illegal. Noodle restaurants had to cut down their cooking, bathhouse hours were restricted, swimming pools closed. On the narrow side streets, police water trucks—usually employed to quell riots—filled housewives' buckets with water hauled in from nearby rivers. In the Ginza nightclubs, B-girls pushed dry martinis, urged



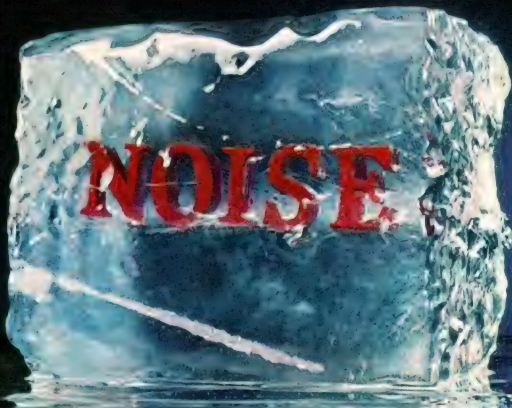
TOKYO WATER QUEUE

thirsty tourists to "drink your whiskey without water and help save Tokyo."

Help is on the way. The government is hurrying work on two new canals to bring in more than 1,350,000 tons of water a day from nearby rivers, expects the first to be finished next week. Meantime, Japanese Self-Defense Force planes carrying dry ice and water have pounced on every passing cloud, and on the shores of the Ogochi reservoir, a Shinto priest in the mask of a scarlet lion walked through a ceremonial rain dance. Townsfolk were warned not to expect miracles. "It will take two days for the message to get through to the dragon god," the priest explained.

To chronically parched Hong Kong, Tokyo's problems seem insignificant. Without a river to call its own, Hong Kong depends for most of its water on passing typhoons. A storm in May helped slightly, but the city's faucets were still dry except for four hours every other day. Then last week came Typhoon Idy, which tragically left five dead, thousands homeless, but pushed water storage in reservoirs up to triple last year's levels. The government felt so well off that it boosted the water schedule to an unheard-of eight hours a day.

* Dating from Czarist times, the names reflect that Russian gallows-humor that novelist Nikolai Gogol defined as "laughter seen by the world and tears unseen."



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CHILE

A Bid by Marx

With a curt announcement last week, Chile became the first of the four Latin American holdouts to follow through on the OAS sanctions against Communist Cuba. Though the government had voted against breaking economic and diplomatic relations with Castro, President Jorge Alessandri decided that Chile had no choice but to honor the will of the majority—and do it promptly. Still to be heard from are Bolivia

and Uruguay: Mexico has refused to break relations. "The revolution against Cuba," said Alessandri, "has to be completed with. If not, it would imply a serious precedent and mean sooner or later the withdrawal of Chile from the inter-American system."

The move came as a surprise because it caught Chile in the full heat of a tense presidential election campaign. By law, the conservative Alessandri cannot succeed himself. When 2,500,000 Chilean voters go to the polls on Sept. 4, they will choose between two main candidates, both left-of-center: Salvador Allende, 56, rasping, demagogic leader of the far-left Popular Action Front (FRAP), and Eduardo Frei, 53, the forceful, hawk-nosed head of the Christian Democratic Party. In the 1958 elections, Allende came within a hairbreadth 29,000 votes of becoming the Hemisphere's first avowed Marxist to be freely elected President. This time—even before the break with Cuba—Allende figured to make it close again.



FRAP'S ALLENDE



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS' FREI

Revolution? Or constancy?

Picture on the Wall. In his campaign, Allende plays on all Chile's discontents—its underdeveloped economy, unem-

ployed city dwellers, illiterate back-country peasants. Among his strongest allies are Chile's 30,000 card-carrying Communists and their followers. He openly calls himself a Marxist, once termed Castro a "political genius," keeps Fidel's picture on his office wall and a blowup of the anti-Yanqui Declaration of Havana just outside the door.

If elected, Allende promises to organize all *campesinos* into unions, nationalize much of Chilean agriculture, plus all foreign commerce, private banks, public utilities, iron ore and ni-

trate mines and, of course, the U.S.-owned copper mines producing 11% of the world's copper. "We will bring the defeat forever of the oligarchy with a revolution within the law," he cries. Allende vaguely guarantees work and education for all, "massive" housing programs, and medical care for each and every worker. "Chile," he insists, "is a nation quite capable of sound development. But we are strangled by U.S. imperialism."

No Sugar Plums. The Christian Democrats' Eduardo Frei raves no such phantoms. The real danger, he believes, is the Communists, who will inevitably grab power if Allende is elected. His campaign is based on a well-reasoned program of land reform, more manufacturing industries, more technical schools, slum redevelopment, and stronger government regulation of Chile's mining industries. But he is not for nationalization, and he is not dispensing sugar-plum visions to Chileans. "I'm not going to promise you miracles," he tells them. "What I do offer is constancy. I am with you."

Before Chile's break with Cuba,

most experts gave Frei a narrow 50,000 to 200,000 vote lead over the demagogic Allende. While Allende gets votes in the dry, impoverished north, Frei is strong in the cities, particularly Santiago, where nearly 50% of Chile's voters live. Moreover, as head of the Roman Catholic Christian Democrats, he has Chile's strongly religious women behind him. "I know of many families," said one observer, "where the husband will vote for Allende and his wife will vote for Frei."

The Cuba issue may now win Allende more votes among the fiercely independent Chileans. At the news last week, leftist groups in Santiago threatened street violence and the Communist-dominated Central Union of Chilean Workers promised a nationwide strike. But it could cut both ways if Allende attempts to make too much of it. All during the campaign, Frei's supporters have been arguing that Marxism could bring a Cuban-style reign of terror to Chile. A street rampage before Sept. 4 by Allende's supporters would prove the point.

BRAZIL

The Campos Plan

Over the past ten years, half a dozen ambitious plans for Brazil's stabilization and development have been launched, only to dissolve in graft, petty politics and shoulder-shrugging bureaucracy. Last week Roberto de Oliveira Campos, 47, Brazil's onetime Ambassador to the U.S. and now its able Minister of Economic Planning, presented Congress with yet another plan, supposedly carrying Brazil forward through 1966.

Broadly, the Campos Plan aims to: 1) expand Brazil's gross national product from last year's all-but-invisible 2% rise to 6% annually; 2) slow inflation from the current rate of 50% for the first seven months of this year to a more "reasonable equilibrium" of 10% to 20% annually by 1966; 3) draw new investment and cut unemployment; and 4) whittle the towering balance-of-payments deficit, which ran some \$220 million last year. By 1970, Brazil's power-generating capacity is to be doubled to 12.7 million kilowatts, its steel output doubled to 1,600,000 tons.

To achieve all this would mean sacrifices. Among other things, many Brazilians would have to pay their taxes for the first time in history. Labor would have to forgo those 75% and 100% wage boosts of the Goulart days, businessmen would have to hold the line on prices, and overblown government payrolls would have to be trimmed.

But Brazilians have never been much for sacrifice; they would rather criticize. For weeks the government has been under attack from many sides. Small businessmen wail about rising

costs, consumers grumble that food prices are still rising, and unions clamor for pay boosts. Even those politicians who were once in the vanguard of the revolution are sniping at the government, complaining that it is doing too little. São Paulo Governor Adhemar de Barros claims that 300,000 are unemployed in his state. In Minas Gerais, says Governor José Magalhães Pinto, some 50,000 are out of work. The harshest words, as usual, came from Carlos Lacerda, quixotic governor of Guanabara (Rio) state. The nation, he insists, is "submerging into fraud."

Campo lets the criticism wash off his back. "Four months ago," he said, "I could have predicted exactly when the criticism would come and who would be doing it. This is the time when the pain becomes most acute. It's the darkest section of the tunnel." Not only does President Humberto Castello Branco support him, but also the larger businessmen who are able to see beyond the next bend.

ARGENTINA

New Breed on the Pampas

As men measure their landed wealth in Latin America, no class ever exhibited such fabled riches as Argentina's cattle barons. On the grassy pampas stretching south, west and north from Buenos Aires, the more affluent *estancieros* could once gallop for days without finding the end of his land. His animals numbered in the tens of thousands, and people across the world thirstily spoke of being "as rich as an Argentine."

All that is changing now. The great baronial manor houses are still standing and there are still one or two spreads that make Texas' King Ranch look like a truck garden.¹ But the vast green bulk of the pampas is being cross-hatched by fences and boundary roads into smaller and smaller holdings. So, too, is the Midas-rich *patrón* of yesterday giving way to hundreds of relatively small farmers and cattlemen who count themselves lucky to make a middle-class living. In the late 1930s, one-fifth of Argentina, or 139 million acres,

belonged to just 2,000 families. Today, says Gustavo Pueyrredón, vice president of Argentina's stockbreeders' society, "the average farmholding in Buenos Aires province scarcely exceeds 2,000 acres."

Pots of Silver. Land reform, that ever-popular rallying cry, was not responsible for the *estancieros'* downfall. They were victims of history and their own excesses. The original *estancias* were carved from the wilderness in the early 19th century by an adventurous breed of Spanish, British, Italian and Irish immigrants. Their sons and grandsons made their own legends by squandering the wealth. Argentines knew them as *mitos bien*, the well-born children.

Some lived in Spanish castles and French châteaux so opulently furnished that even the chamber pots were made of silver. Nearly every tree on the pampas was laboriously planted by man. The ultimate status symbol was a eucalyptus-tree drive leading up to the manse, and some of them ran straight awa-string for seven miles.

The *peones* and *gauchos* did the ranching, while the gentry cut a swath through Europe. Returning from a trip in the 1920s, the four sons of one family brought home a complete French brothel plus a year's supply of champagne and *pâté de foie gras*—and in case that palled, they also brought 100 lbs. of opium. Another turn-of-the-century *estanciero* in Patagonia got his kicks by staging Indian hunts with his chums; well-buttressed by booze, they rode out in parties of a dozen or so to slaughter the nomadic tribesmen who shared their pampas, and once had a grand day massacring an entire tribe they cornered in a seaside cove.

At War with Perón. The *estancieros'* undoing began in 1944 with the rise of Dictator Juan Perón, who promised his lower-class *descamisados* (shirtless ones) steak, on every plate and decreed meat prices as low as 6¢ a lb. When the landowners opposed him, Perón ordered prohibitive land taxes, forcing the breakup of many ranches, decreed 60% wage boosts for workers, lured away cow hands by promising still higher wages in newly established industries. The most far-reaching legislation of all was an inheritance law that provided that each heir must get

an equal share of the land, thus assuring the eventual breakdown of the huge *estancias*.

By the time Perón was deposed in 1955, the landowners were reeling; with far less land and fewer *gauchos*, they had to become ranchers again. Strange terms like fertilizers, crop rotation, weed killers and permanent pastures crept into the pampas vocabulary.

Today's working landowner rarely hits the European or Buenos Aires hot spots. He rises at 6 a.m., puts in a 17-hour day fixing his own fences, keeping his own books, and tending to the innumerable details of his spread. He wears blue jeans or big floppy *bombuchos* instead of fancy riding habits, generally sees his family for one meal a day—supper—and often spends his evenings driving to a nearby town to hear a lecture on modern farming methods. There may be a TV set on the place, but the *gauchos* are the ones who watch it. Says one *estanciero*, "TV is the difference between keeping your best men and losing them to the big city."

Few Regrets. The new attitudes are paying off. Despite a gritty drought in 1961-62, there are now some 40 million cattle on Argentina's pampas—and even that is not enough to fill both domestic and foreign demand. Instead of just livestock, the land is producing vast amounts of wheat and other crops; in the next few years a \$50 million irrigation project will transform the arid *pampa seca* southwest of Buenos Aires into a 200,000-acre region that will eventually produce \$60 million worth of fodder, fruit and vegetables annually. There are few regrets for the pampas of old.

Diego Carabassa, 35, whose family once owned 1,500,000 acres, now runs two ranches totaling 7,200 acres near Buenos Aires. At 22, he quit a dry-economics course at the University of Buenos Aires and began plowing through the latest U.S. studies in genetics, animal husbandry and soil conservation. Over the past nine years, Carabassa has won 21 championships at Argentina's famed Palermo Show. "These are competitive times," he says. "It is not enough to sit back in Buenos Aires and open checks. They don't come unless you go out and earn them."

19TH CENTURY ESTANCIA

ESTANCIA EL RELOJ, CORDOBA

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PEOPLE

The Commons is never vulgar. And yet its two leaders looked as though they had been mixing it in the neo-Gothic corridors, when they hurried back to London from holidays for consultations on Cyprus. Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home, 61, had a bandage on his right hand, while Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson, 48, sported a smashing shiner. Both, however, were casualties in the never-ending struggle to relax, dammit. Wilson had banged his eye in a fall among the rocks of Cornwall's Scilly Isles; Sir Alec pricked his finger pruning roses at his Berwickshire estate.

In Anna's day, the King of Siam had 61 wives. His great-grandson, Thailand's King Bhumibol, has only one. But the celebration that marked the



QUEEN SIRIKIT
Tootled by the King.

32nd birthday of Queen Sirikit would have sufficed for at least three ordinary royal consorts. On the first day, the army and navy fired 21-gun salutes, while roses smothered Bangkok's main boulevard. On the second, Buddhist monks chanted as the Queen lit candles in the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. On the third, the royal household organized a charity fete, with a specially built nightclub resounding to the King's private orchestra. Bhumibol tootling on the clarinet. After all, his gemlike regent's name translates into "Joy of the Family."

"I drove myself to serve my country," U.S. Ambassador to Japan Edwin Reischauer, 59, bravely confessed. Fearlessly treading earthquake-shaken

villages as a gesture of good will? Not exactly. As he recuperated this spring in Honolulu from stab wounds inflicted by a deranged Japanese youth, Reischauer, who is wise in the ways of the Orient, worried about the loss of face his Japanese hosts would suffer if he returned still looking wan and pallid from the ordeal. So day after day, he manfully stretched out on the beach at Waikiki, acquiring a glowing tan for the worried Japanese, who exhaled gustily when he returned to the job looking properly *zenki* (healthy) once again.

Half his time at Boston's New England Baptist Hospital is spent strapped face down in his steel frame, reading, writing and eating. Then he is rolled face up, in what his aide calls "the roisserie," to sleep or watch TV. Still, Ted Kennedy, 32, is in good spirits, and with reason: his doctor says that he is making "an excellent recovery" from that near-fatal June 19 plane crash in western Massachusetts, and will not need an operation for the proper alignment of his three broken vertebrae. Nerve reflexes and muscle functions are back to normal, his fractured ribs are completely healed, and if all goes well Teddy should be out of bed by Christmas, back on the job in Washington by the end of January—assuming that he wins re-election, but there's not much doubt of that. At a press conference, Teddy's not-so-secret weapon burst into a brilliant, relieved smile. "I hope to do some campaigning for him," said Joan Kennedy, 27.

He'd grown accustomed to her face before she locked him out of their 19-room, \$500,000 Manhattan town house. And even though Micheline Muselli Pozzo di Borgo Lerner, 36, sued her millionaire husband, Alan Jay Lerner, 45, and won a \$1,500-a-week separation allowance, the lovelorn lyricist appealed the case and won the right of access to his fair lady's mansion. Still, it was not enough just to be there on the street where she lived. Now comes word that the twosome is lovely again. No more hurricanes? Well, they hardly ever happen. Eliza, where the devil are my slippers?

"At last I'm among people who won't find my name unusual," chirped Lady Bird Johnson, 51, at the Crow Reservation outside Billings, Mont. She had stopped off on a three-state jaunt through Goldwater territory that ran the gauntlet from fish fries to a float on a rail down the Snake River. And she was about to be adopted into the tribe, a move duly approved by the braves of the executive committee of the Crow Tribal Council. "Lady Bird" was not an unusual name; her feathered friends decided, but sort of palefaced,



LADY BIRD & TRIBESMEN
Tom-tommed by Crows.

and so, restyling her "Pretty Walking Bird," they wound her in a blue blanket (decorated with the emblem of the reservation's American Legion Post), shod her in moccasins (size 7½-AAAA), and to the heat-beat-beat of a tom-tom made her a squaw. It was more than a lark. Warbled Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, who accompanied her on the trip: "We will get a strong Indian vote because of the rapport we have established."

Bob Hope springs eternal. As he started his 50th flick in Hollywood, the 61-year-old combination comic and straight man cracked, "And still no Academy Award. They should at least have given me one for stubbornness." They may yet (if they can catch him between benefit tours), after he finishes *I'll Take Sweden*, a comedy that co-stars Frankie Avalon and Tuesday Weld, a pair of almost-has-beens who weren't even will-bees when Hope made his first movie in 1937. Meanwhile, Bob got a "Lucky 50" party on the set, complete with smorgasbord and a visiting Miss Sweden. "I don't plan to retire," he snorted, "and don't give the public ideas. I have so much confidence in this picture that I'm going to see it myself."



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Winnetka: Toubert in Heart
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Woodstock: Kohlman's Store
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30th ANNIVERSARY

RELIGION

THE PAPACY

His Church

After nearly 14 months in office—a longer time than any of his 20th century predecessors waited—Pope Paul VI last week issued his first encyclical.^{*} It was, as one Vatican official put it, "pure Paul." For Paul VI is an intellectual who likes to consider things long and hard from both sides, frequently has difficulty in making up his mind. And so it is with *Ecclesiam Suam* (His Church, meaning Christ's), the first two words of the encyclical, which by church custom become its title. In paragraph after paragraph—and Paul himself suggested that the encyclical might ultimately become most celebrated for its length—the key word seemed to be "but."

On the thorny question of reforming Catholic teachings and practices, which has divided the bishops of the Ecumenical Council between conservatives and progressives (and will go on dividing them during the coming session), the Pope kept the ambivalences dancing. "Naturally," he wrote, "it will be for the Council to suggest what reforms are to be introduced." But, he went on, "the reform cannot concern either the essential conception of the church or its basic structure." Change, though, is not necessarily bad: "It is not our intention to say that perfection consists in remaining changeless as regards the external forms." But on the other hand, "the Church will rediscover her renewed youthfulness not so much by changing her exterior laws as by interiorly assimilating her true spirit of obedience to Christ."

If the encyclical seemed mostly rumination—Paul confessed that he did not intend to "express ideas that are either new or fully developed"—it nonetheless made some firm points:

• **COMMUNISM:** Pleasing the conservatives, Paul denounced it by name. He called atheism "the most serious problem of our time." Yet he seemed to encourage keeping lines open to the Communists. "The Church should enter into dialogue with the world, in which she exists and labors," he wrote, and added

that "we do not despair" that atheistic ideologies such as Communism might one day be able "to enter into a more positive dialogue with the Church."

• **PAPAL PRIMACY:** "In reflecting on this subject, it distresses us" to see how the Pope is regarded by many non-Roman Catholic Christians as being a stumbling block to Christian unity: "Without the Pope, the Catholic Church would no longer be Catholic."

• **PEACE:** "We shall be ready to intervene, where an opportunity presents itself, in order to assist the contending parties to find honorable and fraternal solutions for their disputes."



POPE PAUL STRAPPED IN FOR FLIGHT

On thorny questions, the key word was "but."

• **NONCHRISTIAN RELIGIONS:** "We desire to join with them in promoting and defending common ideals of religious liberty, human brotherhood, good culture, social welfare and civil order," but Paul quickly added, "honesty compels us to declare openly our conviction that there is but one true religion, the religion of Christianity."

• **MODERNITY:** "The word *aggiornamento* [updating], rendered famous by our predecessor of happy memory, Pope John XXIII, should always be kept in mind as our program of action."

Paul's own up-to-dateness was not in question for a moment with the crowd of 30,000 who assembled in the cathedral (and wine) town of Orvieto, 75 miles north of Rome. The day after the encyclical was issued, the 66-year-old Paul dropped nonchalantly out of the sky for a visit—the first Pope ever to ride in a helicopter (or as Pope John called it, a *helicopterum*).

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Unlikely Cardinal

(See Cover)

From the pulpit where he stood one day last week, Richard James Cardinal Cushing, 68, looked down not at the familiar Irish faces of his own Boston congregation but rather into the docile and questioning gaze of brown Peruvian eyes. The occasion was the blessing of a new brick-and-concrete Roman Catholic church in a slum suburb of Lima.

"Mindful of the fact that you live in an agricultural country," rumbled Cushing, "I presume you know what an ass is. We read in the New Testament that our blessed Lord rode on an ass in triumph into the city of Jerusalem. Today the Lord rides on another ass: I myself."

"I can't even talk your language," said the cardinal humbly (a translator relayed his words in Spanish). "I know only one language—the language of the heart—that is, the language of love. And I give you all my heartfelt measure of love."

Crusty & Contrary. Cushing this month is visiting the churches and the 135 priests of the Society of St. James the Apostle, which he founded six years ago in alarmed awareness that Latin America, where priests are fewest in proportion to professed Catholics, is perilously open to Communist (particularly Red Chinese) appeals. Through the lowering heat of coastal Ecuador and the wintry mist of Peru, he worked until exhaustion, made worse by his bad health, left him unable to talk. He heartened priests, preached long sermons, blessed edifices of various kinds, and everywhere took delight in children. At one town he poured milk into the mugs of several hundred assembled orphans. In a penniless orphanage he committed himself to vast purchases of ice cream for kids, and reminded that he must always raise money for the missionary society and much more besides, reduced some little girls to giggles by saying, "If you ever marry a millionaire, introduce him to me."

One symbolic act of his visit was a simple inspection of his mission's half-finished Church of the Virgin of the Door in Peru's boomtown, anchovy-fishing city of Chimbote. In that church the altar is placed to let the priest face the congregation, in contrast to centuries of practice and in compliance with Catholicism's current *aggiornamento*. Cushing has encouraged all of his missionary priests to stay in tune with the times. For if there is a bit of the Last Hurrah in Boston's crusty and contrary Cardinal Cushing, there is also a generous measure of the new spirit of Pope John XXIII. He personally illustrates the stirring of that placid giant of Roman Catholicism, the church in the U.S.

Nuns on Picket Lines. This surge of renewal is more concerned with the structure of the church than the substance of doctrine, more with practical questions of morality and Christian liv-

* A letter from the Pope to the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, setting forth his views on anything he chooses for serious consideration, but not necessarily an infallible document. This papal device has been much in use since 1891, when Leo XIII issued his influential *Reveram Novarum*, on the church's attitude toward labor.

ing than with abstract theological problems. Renewal, American-style, deals with freedom within the church, with the kind of rebellion that does not end in the classic "leaving the church."

In Los Angeles last June, a young parish priest called for the removal of his archbishop—criticizing "the church of silence" autocritically ruled by James Francis Cardinal McIntyre—and got strong support from a few Catholic lay organizations. The Catholic monthly *Jubilee* has published dozens of letters by priests and laymen asking for a re-examination of the church's stand on birth control. Nuns and priests are no longer strangers to civil rights picket lines. With the approval of Oklahoma's bishop, two Catholic parishes have joined Tulsa's previously all-Protestant Council of Churches. A liturgically re-

Official Catholic Directory says that there are 44.8 million Roman Catholics in the U.S. Actually, there may be 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 more than that, for, as one bishop points out, the directory's figures come from parish priests who underestimate the size of their flocks to keep diocesan assessments low.

The nation's 244 prelates can summon the services of 57,000 priests and 180,000 sisters. Although the church suffers more dropouts than it likes to admit (largely among Italians and Latin Americans, and among Catholics who marry outside the faith), and the number of converts is declining, the losses are more than made up by the more than 1,000,000 babies baptized as Catholics every year. According to Chicago's Priest-Sociologist Andrew Greeley, "the religious practice of American

In parish life, renewal means a comprehensible liturgy with parishioner participation instead of novenas, family study groups instead of membership in the Holy Name Society (an organization formed in part to cut down profanity). It means the displacement of what Layman Michael Novak calls "nonhistorical orthodoxy"—the abstract, rationalistic theology that has dominated Catholic thinking since the Council of Trent—by a Gospel-centered Catholicism that is open to accept the insights of Freud, Camus, and even Marx.

To the renewal elite, the church is not only a juridical institution governed by the Pope and the bishops, but also the "people of God." Such Catholics feel free to challenge betrayals of the moral law—segregation or political expedience—even when they are tolerated by priests and bishops on grounds of prudence.

Conservative Backlash. Inevitably, millions of U.S. Catholics are indifferent to this kind of renewal—the born-and-bred bead-sayers for whom faith is simply a comfortably furnished apartment of the mind. Inevitably, too, there is a "renewal backlash" of Catholics who like the church the way they find it, and look upon its unchanging doctrines and structures as pillars of security in an age of flux. Such ecclesiastical conservatives complain that Mass in English will turn them into "Bapto-Catholics," and look upon the church's denunciation of contraception as a sign of strength rather than rigidity. "I left the Baptist Church for Roman Catholicism, and now it is being dismantled all around me," says one Denver housewife. "At the rate they are going, it will look like the Baptist Church before long."

By temperament and training, most American bishops are inclined to share such conservative forebodings, and the extent to which Catholic renewal is encouraged varies considerably from diocese to diocese. Los Angeles' McIntyre openly supports the status quo. Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York objects to "change for change's sake," and classifies most change as just that. Chicago's reclusive Albert Meyer is regarded as a moderate who promotes liturgical reform. St. Louis' quiet-spoken Joseph Fimer Cardinal Ritter is a proponent of change; his archdiocese will be the setting of the first English Mass in the U.S. on Aug. 24, when more than 10,000 priests and laymen will gather for the annual North American Liturgical Week. But church renewal has been most actively supported by the man whose episcopal motto is *Ut Cognoscamus Te* (That they may know thee), Boston's Cardinal Cushing.

A Round of Beer. Cushing is an unlikely sort of cardinal to be encouraging the renewal of American Catholicism, but that is partly because he is an unlikely cardinal. He is the only life member of the N.A.A.C.P. who has publicly endorsed the aims of the John



CUSHING POURING MILK FOR PERUVIAN CHILDREN
A little Last Hurray and a lot of John XXIII.

forming priest in Detroit says, with only a touch of hyperbole: "Just walking in off the street, you couldn't tell the difference between our Mass here and a Protestant service."

In large measure, the American Catholic renewal can be credited to spiritual fallout from the Vatican Council and the church-wide modernization unleashed by Pope John. Signs of change, in the case of the American Catholic church, are also signs of maturation.

Until 1908, the U.S. was in Vatican eyes still technically a mission land, and even after that, to many Protestants, Catholicism remained a second-class faith for third-class citizens—the Irish, Polish, German, Hungarian and Italian immigrants who brought their religion with them in the steerage. Now Roman Catholicism has become by far the nation's largest and richest Christian denomination. The latest edition of the

Catholics is far and away the best of any industrial nation in the world." One survey has indicated that 72% of U.S. Catholics go to Mass every Sunday, as canon law requires them to; 45% receive Communion at least once a month, and 66% go to confession at least twice a year.

Renewal Elite. The truest sign of American Catholic maturity is the development and vociferous presence of something that has been rather grandly called "the renewal elite." It includes bishops, priests, seminarians and sisters, but its driving force is a young, college-trained laity that accepts the church's essential mysteries and matters of faith while questioning the authoritarian way moral theologians reduce these dogmas to terms of practical behavior. As one California Jesuit puts it, "The catechism answers don't satisfy any more—thank God."



IN JEWISH SYNAGOGUE

Birch Society. A doer rather than an original thinker, Cushing openly confesses his inability to follow theological argument; yet his lengthy pastoral letters are often eloquent. He is a fireless fund-raiser out of the mold of brick-and-mortar prelates, but his greatness is measured in intangibles: his extraordinary love for people, the good will he has fostered among men of other faiths.

He once entertained a delegation of visiting New York police by stalking into a tavern, miter and all, and ordering a round of beer for his guests; another time, after blessing the fishing fleet at Gloucester, he vaulted aboard one ship and asked the captain to sail him home to Boston. At amusement parks he buys candy kisses for nuns and shamelessly employs a rather widely used gag as he tells them that "they're the only kisses you'll ever get." Hardly a day goes by that Boston Catholics can pick up their papers without seeing a new picture of their cardinal dancing a jig in an old folks' home or mugging outrageously beneath some improbable hat. Last year in Rome, when President Kennedy visited the North American College, Cushing was on hand to greet him, with a group of sobersided clergies looking on. Instead of offering his episcopal ring to be kissed, Cushing squared off, aimed a mock right hook at the President's solar plexus and bellowed: "Hi, Jack!"

Although he celebrates Mass with lengthy reverence, Cushing has little use for the trappings of his office. He wears Jack Kennedy's dog tag (a gift from Jacqueline Kennedy), but rarely wears a pectoral cross: "I have crosses enough without carrying one adorned with jewels." Dressed in his red cardinal's robes—he calls them his "glad rags"—he will march up to a mob of children at a parochial



AT GREEK ORTHODOX MEETING
Catholics must esteem the values of others.

school and say: "How are you, children? It's Santa Claus!" When he welcomes visitors to his stately residence on Commonwealth Avenue in suburban Brighton, he waves a hand at the rich furnishings and cracks: "What do you think of the joint?" Cushing loves to tell stories on himself—such as when he was summoned to give the last rites to a man at the scene of an accident. "Do you believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost?" he asked. "Father, here I am dying," the man replied, "and you bother me with riddles."

"Hozahner in Excelsis." Malicious rumor has it that some Boston confessors require penitents, as reparation for their sins, to sit through one of the cardinal's sermons, which seem to be measured in units of eternity rather than time. Millions of Americans caught their first glimpse of the Cushing style at the 1961 presidential inauguration, when his windy, ear-shattering invocation was interrupted by a fire in the loudspeaker wiring. One viewer protesting the length of the prayer wrote to Cushing that the



WITH EPISCOPAL CLERGY

smoke represented "the Devil asking for equal time." Now Cushing says sadly: "I thought it was a pretty good prayer, but less than three years later Jack was killed. So it didn't seem to do any good."

Cushing's stentorian, gravelly baritone took on a rare human appeal last year when he presided ("Hozahner in excelsis") at John Kennedy's funeral and steadied the President's widow beside the grave in Arlington National Cemetery. Says Robert Kennedy: "The President felt closer to him than to any other clergyman." Cushing, in turn, regards himself as a "spiritual father" to the Kennedy family. He celebrated the nuptial Mass at the wedding of Jack and Jackie, baptized Bobby's son Chris, and about once a month visits ailing old Joe "to tell him newsy things."

A product of South Boston's melting pot ghetto, Cushing feels a Bostonian kinship to the Kennedys. The cardinal's father, after emigrating from County Cork in 1880, became a blacksmith for the old Boston Elevated. "We were ordinary people, but comfortable," Cushing recalls.

He attended public grammar schools, got his first taste of Catholic education when he entered the second-year class at the Jesuits' Boston College High School. "I was as rough as any of them, and they were pretty rough," the cardinal recalls. Actually, he seems to have been a devout and hard-working student: twice he thought of joining the Jesuits before he entered the archdiocesan seminary of St. John's after completing his sophomore year at Boston College.

"Originally, I wanted to be a politician," the cardinal says. "I used to make money speaking for politicians from the back of wagons. I spoke for Jim Curley. I spoke for the suffragettes and the anti-suffragettes—anyone who would pay me. This



SMOKY LECTERN AT KENNEDY INAUGURATION
The Devil wanted equal time.



DANCING AN IRISH JIG

To keep the wolf from someone else's door . . .

was all outdoors—that's how I developed this present style of talking indoors. Then the priest said, 'If you do any more speaking for politicians or any other cause, I'm never going to give you a letter to the seminary.'

Taking Heaven by Storm. Ordained in 1921, Cushing spent his first eleven months as a parish priest. Then he had an interview with his archbishop, princely old William Cardinal O'Connell. Brashly declaring that he wanted to "take heaven by storm," Cushing asked to be sent to the foreign missions. "Your foreign mission will be where I send you," the cardinal answered, and eventually named him chief local fundraiser for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Cushing handled his job with such zeal that O'Connell made him an auxiliary bishop in 1939 to succeed Francis Spellman, who had been named Archbishop of New York. When O'Connell died in April 1944, Cushing was made temporary administrator of the archdiocese, and later that year he was formally installed as archbishop, thanks in large part to the intervention of Spellman. Friends then and now, Cushing and Spellman went through a long decade of cool relations. "The difference was to a large degree temperamental—the difference between a roughie [Cushing] and a smoothie," explains one veteran of church politics. "The smoothie thought he could tell the roughie what to do—and he couldn't." Opposition of New York's cardinal helped keep Cushing from winning his red hat until 1958.

Since 1944, his archdiocese has grown to 1,767,000 Catholics, and is the third largest in the country, after Chicago and New York. To serve this flock, Cushing has welcomed more than 60 different religious orders into Bos-

ton, and given so much help to the Jesuits that he has become one of their few benefactors known as "founders"; when he dies, every priest in the Jesuits' New England Province must offer three Masses for the repose of his soul.

Archdiocesan officials estimate that he has been responsible for at least \$250 million worth of construction, including 120 elementary and high schools, 86 new parishes and four hospitals. Much of this he has managed with a financial skill worthy of J. Paul Getty. He called in all the surplus funds of his parishes and set up his own banking system, organized an insurance plan for archdiocesan property that has saved the parishes \$10 million so far.

Nickels & Dimes. Cushing's fame as a fund-raiser is so great that one letter to his residence came addressed to "Come On Wealth" Avenue. He takes in and gives out about \$20,000 a day. "No combination of 20 U.S. bishops has raised as much as Cushing has in nickels and dimes and half-dollars for the mission," says one bishop. Most of Cushing's donations come from what he calls "the mighty mites" of average Catholics, although he has a few tame millionaires whom he taps regularly, such as the Jewish couple who own Rockingham Park race track in New Hampshire. Last year he performed a spectacular feat that had nothing to do with the church: raising \$1,000,000 in a few days, at the request of Bobby Kennedy, to ransom the Cuban prisoners captured after the Bay of Pigs.

Cushing works so hard at raising money that some laymen complain he thinks of nothing else. His capacity for work especially astonishes his doctor, since he suffers from asthma, emphysema, ulcers and migraine headaches, has had operations to remove a cancerous kidney and the prostate gland. He eats lightly ("I have to—I bleed"), sleeps with an oxygen tank beside his

bed. "It is the wolf that keeps me on the go," he explains, "particularly the wolf at someone else's door."

Boston sees only half of what Cushing raises. He is a generous contributor to the Vatican, and offered to pay for a U.N.-like simultaneous translation system for the Ecumenical Council (the Pope declined). He is contributing \$200,000 to renovate the Church of the Holy Spirit in Pope John's home town of Bergamo, \$220,000 to build a cathedral for Laurean Cardinal Rugambwa of Tanganyika, \$1,000,000 for Fu-jen University in Formosa. Cushing's generosity has made him at least as well known abroad as Spellman, and he collects decorations and honorary degrees from grateful recipients "in bunches like bananas." One of the most recent is the Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, which Spain gave him after he raised \$5,000 for the orphaned children of Spanish sailors who died when their ship was lost at sea. "I thought Franco might make me a matorador, or something," Cushing says.

The Pastoral Revolution. In earlier years, Cushing was in many ways conservative and narrow. In 1948 he denounced what he said was a conspiracy of "birth controllers, abortionists and mercy killers," and in 1949 he attacked Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State as "a refined form of the Ku Klux Klan." He fought with Harvard's former President James Bryant Conant when Conant suggested that parochial and other independent schools are divisive, and he deplored secular universities. "There are too many instances where Catholic students have lost their faith and Americanism at these institutions," he roared.

But an instinct for renewal—first shown many years ago when he began visiting Protestant churches and Jewish



AT BAT

. . . \$20,000 a day.

Irreverently known in Boston as "Gasp-plank Willie," for his many trips to Bermuda.

synagogues—has always lived in Cushing, and Pope John gave it form. Partly because of his health and partly because "I can't understand the Latin," Cushing spent only three weeks at each session of the Vatican Council, but no other U.S. bishop seems to have caught more of its spirit. Nor is there any Catholic prelate who grasped better the kind of pastoral revolution planned by the man whom Cushing always calls "good Pope John." "He was the only man who ever understood me," the cardinal says, "and I don't understand myself."

One reason that Cushing has proved so open to church renewal is his freedom from what one reform-minded layman calls "Chancery Catholicism." "Cushing doesn't give a damn for canon law or moral theology," says a Jesuit from the College of the Holy Cross. "He has no tolerance for any kind of legalism in the church." Although many of his priests are perfectly content with a "service-station liturgy" in Latin, Cushing has required every parish to install the dialogue Mass, and openly champions the new English translation of much of the Mass, which will be introduced across the nation on Nov. 29. He also runs a "delayed vocations" seminary for older men who want to become priests. He pleads with the laity to be more active in church affairs. "If you don't, who will?" he asks. "You see the deadwood I have here in the clergy."

Champion of Freedom. Cushing has become a champion of freedom within the church. He tacitly allowed Dr. John Rock, a communicant of the Boston archdiocese, to argue for the moral licitness of a birth-control pill. He welcomed Swiss Theologian Hans Küng, one of Europe's most advanced Catholic thinkers, to Boston, and wrote a preface for Küng's latest book, *Structures of the Church*. Cushing says that the Index of Forbidden Books is "meaningless," and "they should get rid of the whole thing." He wants to drop the promises that non-Catholic partners in mixed marriages must make to raise their children as Catholics; to ask a believing Protestant to "sign on the dotted line" strikes Cushing as a violation of conscience.

His reasoning is that Catholics "must not just respect but esteem" the religious values of others; he has blossomed as the most convinced and convincing ecumenist in the Catholic Church. With the rector by his side, he has knelt in prayer at Trinity Episcopal Church in Boston, and he claims to have visited 80 Protestant churches. Last month he delivered an address to a Greek Orthodox conference in Denver.

He believes that the task of Christians now is not to join in one church but simply to understand one another. His distrust of Harvard having long since died, he helped organize a Catholic-Protestant ecumenical dialogue there last year with Augustin Cardinal Bea of Rome's Secretariat for

Promoting Christian Unity as chief speaker. Cushing is trying to raise \$1,000,000 for a permanent ecumenical study center in Boston, and has given \$100,000 to the Greek Orthodox seminary in Brookline.

Like Confessing on TV. He is largely indifferent to the Vatican Council debates on such weighty theological issues as collegiality of bishops or whether Scripture and tradition constitute one or two sources of divine revelation. Much more important to him is the shortage of priests. He tried but failed to get permission from Rome to confer priesthood on a married man, Lutheran Convert Ernest Beck, who was later ordained in Mainz, Germany (TIME, July 10). Currently, Cushing is sponsoring the priestly studies of a married former Episcopal priest. But he does not favor ordaining women. "I've supported many lost causes in my lifetime," he told one group of nuns, "but this one is not for me. I could never confess my sins to a woman; it would be like doing it on television."

The cardinal, says one Boston layman, "is a very complex man. He has you cheering for him one moment and he sort of embarrasses you the next." Cause of the embarrassment is what a member of Cushing's chancery delicately calls his "follies of the heart." Although many bishops have denounced Moral Re-Armament as a false kind of super-religion, Cushing has written a glowing foreword to a book of essays by M.R.A.'s director, British Journalist Peter Howard. When CBS in 1961 produced a documentary that showed Boston cops entering a bookie joint, Cushing—who was worried about the effect of the program on the morale of the policemen's families—went to a policemen's ball and said, "Someone betrayed us!" Cushing has declared that he would accept a Negro as an auxiliary bishop, long ago outlawed segregation from Boston's Catholic institutions. But he has been slow to help eradicate the anti-Negro prejudice that lingers on in South Boston.

From Canon Law to I-Thou. "Cushing fits in with the new spirit," says William Storey, associate professor of history at Pittsburgh's Duquesne University, "but I wonder if he realizes that the whole process must go a lot farther." Going a lot farther would include approval of married deacons, lay election of bishops, general adoption of civilian dress in place of clerical black and Roman collars, the abolition of such medieval practices as ring kissing and ermine-trimmed robes for cardinals, the right of Catholics to contract mixed marriages before Protestant ministers. Perhaps the greatest possibility is that of a person-centered theology of marriage that owes more to Martin Buber's I-Thou relationship than to canon law—and thus might resolve the most troubling moral issue that faces U.S. Catholics today: birth control.

Recently, Pope Paul VI announced



IN CARNIVAL PLUMAGE



AS MINUTEMAN



AS PERUVIAN



AS SPANISH NAVAL CADET

In cardinal's robes, Santa Claus.



CATHOLICS DISCUSSING BIRTH CONTROL IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

No longer is the layman simply hatched, matched and dispatched.

that the church's condemnation of the birth-control pill, which dates from a 1958 statement of Pius XII, was being restudied in Rome—thereby implying the possibility that some change in the church's position might be forthcoming. Many Catholics would regard any redefinition of a doctrinal stand as a betrayal, and Monsignor George Kelly, New York's archdiocesan expert on family problems, has written every U.S. diocese asking bishops to petition the Pope to hold fast to Pius' teaching.

Nonetheless, the Rev. Raymond Potvin, sociology professor at Catholic University, says that it may be time to "start applauding the heroism of those who limit their families for the sake of building a better society." Priests, themselves celibate, "talk about 'sacrifice' as if it were giving up smoking for Lent," says Novelist-Critic Wilfrid Sheel. It is estimated that about half of married Catholics use some form of contraceptive some time during their lives; a Detroit priest reports that couples "come back again, month after month, with the same confession." Parish priests worry about the number of couples who leave the church or stop receiving the sacraments over this issue.

At least two theologians have written in diocesan papers that since the question of the morality of the pill has been reopened by a number of reputable scholars, Catholic couples are free to use the pills on the principle that *lex dubia non obligat* (a doubtful law does not obligate). "I cannot in good conscience do anything to enforce the church's position because I don't believe it," says one Kansas priest. When couples confess to using contraceptives, says a priest in Chicago, "I don't tell them to say 200 Our Fathers. I just don't say much at all."

Crisis of Authority? Debates over birth control—and such questions as the role of parochial schools—have been primarily raised by Catholic laymen. Once notable for his quiet ac-

ceptance of church discipline, today's Catholic, says Frank Begley, a lay official of St. Louis' Catholic school system, "is twice as intelligent, three times better-educated, and he doesn't look to the priest as the end-all." He is ready to challenge the dicta of old-line authoritarian pastors. "What we really need," says one Miami layman, "is freedom to dissent from the Pope."

Some church leaders believe that American Catholicism is heading for a crisis in authority. Many bishops are worried about the number of potentially good priests who leave seminaries rather than submit to picaresque rules and a dry, unappealing curriculum. Younger priests chafe under an archaic system that puts them completely at the mercy of pastors. "Some of the brightest old women in the U.S. are wearing cassocks, not dresses," says a Colorado priest. There are reportedly between 4,000 and 5,000 priests who have left the clergy in the U.S. with frustration high among their reasons. In today's age of the layman, there is also the danger of anticlericalism, which, says Edward Marciniak, an executive director of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations and a leading layman, "comes when the layman feels he knows more than the clergy."

Dying under these challenges is a church that was content to see its members "hatched, matched and dispatched," and preferred that they ask few questions about their faith. Emerging as a renewed church that claims to be the mystical body of Christ, it will appear more credible to men as it sheds no longer relevant trappings of past ages and what Hans King calls its aspects of unfreedom. In this emerging church, Cushing neither deserves nor gets any credit as originator, rebel, theologian, theoretician or organizer of the change. But he does stand out as the intuitive old party in a high place who gave renewal a hearty push just because it seemed the right thing to do.

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or here,



or here,



or here,



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The CBS Radio Network

MUSIC



TED SHAWN & RUTH ST. DENIS IN "SIDDHAS"

From mistrusted roots, a flowering of inventive brilliance.

DANCE

A Sense of Ministry

A pair of clasped hands appeared from the wings, followed by the arms. Then the dancers were onstage, silhouetted against the dimly lit blue backdrop. Gliding slowly upward across a ramp, they moved forward, swayed back, moved forward again. At last they reached the top and stood there as though gazing serenely at a sunlit land.

The starkly simple duet lasted only minutes, but to the mesmerized audience it seemed to have gone on for an enchanted eon. In a way, it had. For the couple onstage, last week's duet climaxed a full half-century of love and labor in which the dance had finally taken root in the U.S. theater, to grow and to flower until its inventive brilliance influenced the art in every corner of the world.

As they acknowledged five tumultuous curtain calls, it was hard to believe that Ruth St. Denis is 87 years old, that Ted Shawn is 72. Yet the dance they performed, choreographed by Shawn, taken from a poem by St. Denis, was in honor of their 50th wedding anniversary. It was the latest of countless new works that have been premiered at Jacob's Pillow, the sylvan retreat in Massachusetts' rolling Berkshire hills that Ted Shawn founded 31 years ago.

Grand Acclaim. To mark the event, scores of famed artists and friends packed Shawn's rustic theater. No matter that Papa Shawn and Miss Ruth had been "esthetically separated"—he lives in Florida, she in California—for more than 30 years now. Their Indian-inspired duet, entitled *Siddhas* (*Angels*) of the *Upper Air*, was an act of celebration and remembrance.

It was in 1914 that they met and married; a year later they merged their talents and names in the Denishawn Dancers. In its 16 years the company won grand acclaim the world over. The Shawns were among the first to create ballets drawn from American themes. Their chain of Denishawn dance schools groomed such prime movers of modern dance as Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman. Their proudest accomplishment, individually and together, was to help vanquish the puritanical mistrust with which most Americans had traditionally viewed the dance, to make their art part of the nation's cultural life.

Face Change. Neither set out to be a serious dancer. Ruth—who was born plain Ruth Denis in Newark—made her stage debut as a vaudeville hooper in 1893, later turned to acting. Then she became interested in the Far East and its sensuous dances. Her 1906 New York dance debut was in a daringly original Oriental program that shocked the tins off the ballet world. "That year," she remembers, "the face of the dance world really began to change."

For Shawn, life changed forever in 1910. A pious, bookish student at the University of Denver, he was studying to be a Methodist minister when an attack of diphtheria left him paralyzed from the waist down. Ballet lessons were prescribed to aid his recovery. Private therapy was one thing. But dancing in public? When Shawn actually danced a waltz *pas de deux* at an arts ball, faculty members were shocked and fraternity brothers sniggered. "Men," he was quietly informed, "don't dance." Shawn quit the university, and has viewed his art ever since as a logical "continuation of my sense of ministry."

Summer Cycle. Shawn points out that when he began, "dance choreography was predominantly feminine: it was like music with nothing but strings and woodwinds. It needed the brasses and drums of the male role." So in 1933 he set out to supply them. Picking his first all-male crew for sheer muscle—they included football players, trackmen, gymnasts—he installed them at Jacob's Pillow, a rundown, 150-acre 18th-century farmstead he had bought three years before. There each summer he honed the troupe with dancing all morning, farm chores all afternoon. "I wanted to see," he says, "if the American man in plain brown pants and a bare torso could speak profound things." He could. Since then, the Jacob's Pillow summer dance festival has become the most famed event of its kind in the U.S., and a prestigious summer school for promising young dancers (current enrollment: 66 girls, 14 boys).

Miss Ruth's influence during all those years was chiefly as a performer and innovator. Last week's premiere marked the first time that she and Papa had danced together in ten years, and it was a faultless performance. When it was all over, Ted Shawn's thoughts turned characteristically to the future. "Things go in cycles," he said, "like the seasons of the year. I feel this present renaissance of the dance is just about early summer. Before autumn and decadence set in, it may be another 200 years."

COMPOSERS

Herr Huck

"I don't give a damn about posterity," declared Composer Kurt Weill. "I write for today." Nonetheless, since Weill's death in 1950, his catchy, sophisticated music (*September Song*, *Mack the Knife*, *Alabama Song*) has inspired a fiercely devoted following in the U.S. and abroad and prompted a spate of me-



ACTOR ELKINS

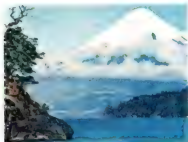
From oblivion to ol' man Danube.

Why fly to South America when the crowd is headed for Europe?

(That's one reason. The Chilean-Argentine Lakes are another.)



Hotel Liao Liao, an Argentine resort in the heart of the lake country.



Osorno volcano rises 8790 feet

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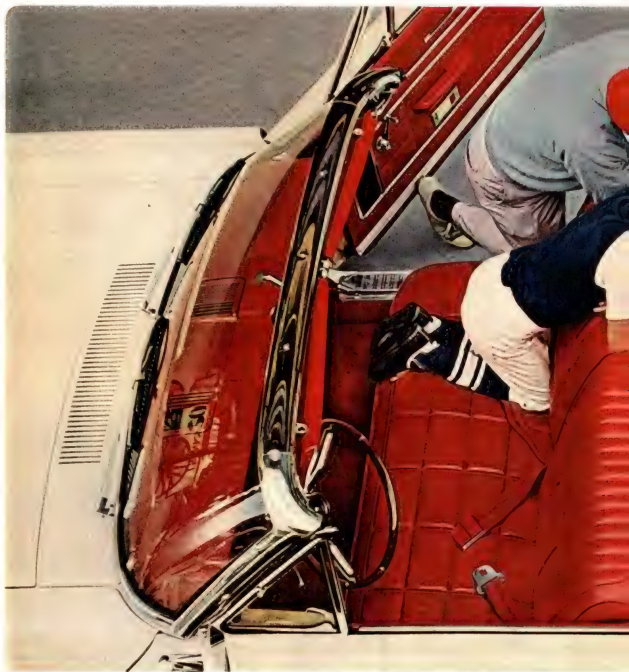
Trout average 3-4 pounds



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—RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

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morial record albums and revivals, most memorably the phenomenal off-Broadway production (2,707 performances) of his *Threepenny Opera* (1954-61).

Best & Worst. One work that so far has been denied posterity is Weill's *Huckleberry Finn*, a "folk opera" that the composer and his neighbor, playwright Maxwell Anderson, were working on in New City, N.Y., when Weill died of a heart attack at the age of 50. The five songs Weill completed for *Huckleberry* were locked away and all but forgotten for 14 years. Finally, Lys Symonette, Weill's former secretary and rehearsal pianist, and Broadway Conductor Milton Rosenstock resurrected the musical remains of *Huckleberry*, with the idea of molding it into a half-hour TV show. Several U.S. producers turned down the idea, so this spring Mrs. Symonette approached Heinz Scheiderbauer, Vienna's leading independent TV film maker, who leaped at the proposition. Rosenstock took leave from *Funny Girl* to write, direct and conduct the show. Just completed—with Mississippi River scenes that were shot along a muddy stretch of the Danube ten miles up-river from Vienna—the German-language version of *Huckleberry* will be shown in West Germany beginning this October. The music shows Weill both at his threadbare worst and his richly melodic best.

The TV plot is little more than a string of vignettes revolving around the characters of Huck, his drunken father, and Jim, the runaway slave. The role of Huck is sung in a reedy voice by tow-headed, freckle-faced Franz Elkins, a 14-year-old Austrian TV actor who won the part over several singers from the Vienna Boys Choir partly because of his prowess at tree climbing. Lys Symonette's husband Randolph, an American baritone currently with the Düsseldorf Opera, is Huck's coarsely villainous father. He and Huck dangle their fishing lines in the Danube to whistle and sing a tuneful folk ditty called *Catfish Song*:

Oh, two hungry men are we.

Oh, you are a noble fish.

Oh, hark to this desperate plea,

Fill up our empty dish.

Adhesive Melody. But Symonette's resonant, deep-chested baritone is heard to best advantage in *River Chanty*, a heave-ho work song with chorus that evokes the lure and lore of ol' man river. The score's low-water mark is struck in a rankly commercial number entitled *Apple Jack*, a shallow echo of some of Weill's earlier work. "Weill's best me'odies are like glue," exclaims Rosenstock, "If you listen to them, they stick." The most adhesive refrain in *Huckleberry* is called *This Time Next Year* and expresses Jim's dream of freedom. Sung by Thomas Carey, a Negro baritone from New York City, and lushly embellished by 45 crack musicians from the Vienna Philharmonic and Volksoper orchestras, this hauntingly romantic song ranks with the finest of Weill's ballads.

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MODERN LIVING

THE FAIR

What Can the Matter Be?

From start to finish, the New York World's Fair was planned for profit. Remembering the ocean of red ink that engulfed New York's 1939-40 World of Tomorrow, the World's Fair of 1964-65 Corp. schemed and ballyhooed to make sure that the billion-dollar bazaar would not only repay every last penny it cost, but also would even show a \$99 million surplus. New York City hotels, stores and restaurants also counted confidently on record profits from hordes of tourists attracted by the extravaganza in Flushing Meadow. By last week, well into the second half of its first

pensive: it costs \$3 just to board a Greyhound escorter—if you can find one. The hardest thing of all to track down is a cool soft drink, and even that entails waiting in line.

Understandably, the loudest complaints come from the handful of concessionaires who have been forced to close, mostly with heavy losses. The show business sector has been hardest hit. Mike Todd Jr.'s *America Be Seated* closed shortly after the fair opened. Another notable dropout was *Wonder World*, a glossy musical extravaganza with a cast of 250 that at times was bigger than its audiences. The Texas pavilion's lavish *To Broadway with Love* and Dick Button's *Ice-Travaganza*

ow for conventional entertainment. After all, they reason, they can go to a show in Manhattan. What does lure them to the fair is its impressive array of industrial and cultural pavilions—nearly all admission-free. More visitors (28%) comment on its "educational value" than any other aspect of the fair save its sheer "magnitude." Judging from the lines in front of the G.E., IBM, G.M. and Ford pavilions, the average fairgoer wants to goggle at scientific wonders, to inspect the future, or see a prehistoric spectacular such as Ford's battle of the dinosaurs (bodies by Disney).

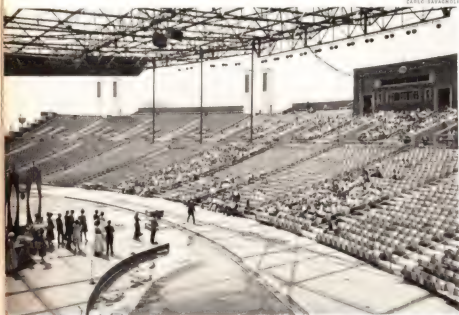
Indeed, industry has gone all out, and often far out, to pull in the public with such delights as Coca-Cola's instant world tour (from a street in Hong Kong to a cruise ship off Rio) and Pepsi's unforgettable boat ride through a Disneyland of wildly spinning, dancing dolls.

Of course, big corporations and some foreign governments that are anxious to impress Americans do not count their immediate profits in dollars and cents. "Where else could we get the undivided attention of a captive audience of 14 million people?" beams Steven Van Voorhis, manager of G.E.'s Progressland. On the other hand, their very success tends to aggravate the problems of smaller, less glamorous exhibitors who have trouble attracting visitors.

Help from Russia? The fair, naturally, claims many more successes than failures. The Spanish pavilion, for example, rates *Numero Uno*; its collection of great paintings in an exquisite building proved so popular that the pavilion had to start charging 25¢ admission just to control the crush inside. The elegant Japanese pavilion is another hit, with a beautifully balanced display of new products and ancient crafts, samurai dueling, judo wrestling and Kabuki dancing. With a few notable exceptions such as Illinois and its electronic Abe, a number of state and foreign pavilions are in trouble. The New England pavilion expects to end at least \$250,000 in the red.

One of the fair's biggest headaches, however, is that, unlike the 1962 Seattle Fair, New York's was never sanctioned by the International Bureau of Expositions, which limits any member nation to one fair a decade. Thus big drawing cards such as Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Brazil and Russia are not represented.

Fair officials concede that some changes will have to be made before the '65 season gets under way. Among other steps, they have made overtures to Russia to participate. Other pop-up programs are planned by individual exhibitors. While several good shows may simply not be able to return next year, much of the promising Hall of Science and the Belgian Village have yet to open. The prospect is that the fair will continue as something quite a bit better than a financial or esthetic wilderness, but less than Moses' promised land.



"WONDER WORLD" PERFORMANCE IN NEAR-EMPTY AMPHITHEATER
Most visitors would rather stand in line to goggle.

season, it was clear that the fair, while no fizzle, was no bonanza either.

An ever-increasing number of unhappy exhibitors is singing a blues version of an English song:

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Johnny's not out at the Fair.

Though 22 million people to date have clicked through the turnstiles, attendance is more than 20% below the 28 million that fair officials counted on during the period. And, 49% of all fair visitors have come from the New York metropolitan area.

Slow Shows. Most fair-minded patrons allow that the trip on the whole is worthwhile—but many also find plenty to criticize. The grounds cover 646 acres, and it is a tiring trudge from exhibit to exhibit. Visitors who have their minds set on seeing the main attractions spend a good part of a day standing in queues. Transportation is ex-

also folded. The Teatro Español's guitarists and flamenco dancers would be a hit in Manhattan: at the fair, business is so slow that the Spanish pavilion has slashed admission from \$3 to a ridiculously low \$1.

Show business entrepreneurs complain bitterly that Fair Corp. President Robert Moses seems indifferent to their problems, as when he said recently: "The collapse of a few amusement ventures has been grossly exaggerated." Their backers, who lost some \$7,000,000, were not so philosophical. Said one showman: "How does Moses gauge the success of the fair? Well, he's paying off the bondholders, but at our expense. They won't help us, and they won't let us help ourselves."

What They Go For. Actually, the fair's most conspicuous successes—and failures—both clearly show that most people do not go out to Flushing Mead-

LEISURE

Scoby-Ooby Scopitone

In some 500 bars, restaurants and servicemen's clubs throughout the U.S., the center of attention these days is a monstrous new machine called Scopitone. It is a cross between a jukebox and TV. For 25¢ a throw, Scopitone projects any one of 36 musical movies on a 26-in. screen, flooding the premises with delirious color and hi-fi scoby-ooby-doo for three whole minutes. It makes a sobering combination.

Scopitone, which has been the rage of France for the past four years, was invented by a firm that sounds as if it had been founded by Jules Verne; Compagnie d'Applications Mécaniques à l'Électronique au Cinéma et à l'Automatique (CAMECA). Since then it has spread from Marseilles to Macao; Nikita Khrushchev even has one, loaded with Marxian uplift featurettes. Actually, Scopitone's "musies" are descended from U.S. Soundies, which during World War II filled bus terminals and B-girl grottoes with grainy, black-and-white productions of *The Flat Foot Floogee* with the *Floy Floy* and *A Boy in Khaki*, a *Girl in Lace*, Television and Lucky Strike's *Hu Parade* put a merciful end to Soundies, but it looks as if Scopitone will be here to stay awhile.

Rights to Scopitone for the U.S. and South and Central America were snapped up for \$5,000 last year by Alvin I. Malnik, 31, a Miami Beach attorney, who will soon start distributing machines manufactured in Chicago. He already has installed them in New York, San Francisco, Las Vegas and dozens of military bases, and has a backlog of 2,500 orders. If Malnik has his way, every public place from the hoitiet cocktail lounge to the toistiet pizza parlor will be swinging to musies, all of which are eventually to be produced by



VILLAGE DU MERLIER

Will Frenchmen give up postage stamps?

Malnik himself. Meanwhile, Scopitone screens are filled by French films. One typical Gallic offering, *El Gato Montés*, captures the jollity of the annual Pamplona fiesta with trumpet playing, flamenco dancing and the shrieks of small boys being gored by rampaging bulls in the streets.

The production possibilities of Scopitone films make their promoter sound like Cecil B. DeMaltnik. "Take *Hello, Dolly!*," he says, eyes moist with enthusiasm. "Maybe we'd have an actress getting down from a train in a little hick town, and, you know, she's Dolly coming back—I really don't know the rest of the words—but then there'd probably be some people meeting her, dancing along. There's just no end to the storybook film devices we can prepare." Just for a start, he might try *My Funny Ballantine*, *Tea for Tyburt*, and *Music to Cry in Your Beer By*.

eral road—a combination that in the U.S. has filtered down from such large-scale architect-planners as Victor Gruen and William Pereira (TIME Cover, Sept. 6) to an enlightened band of commercial-housing developers.

The Riviera's revolt is spearheaded by four architects under 40 who have been given the assignment of developing 165 acres of virgin land on Cap Camarat, six miles south of St. Tropez; the project is sponsored by Beaux Arts Architecture Professor Louis Arretche, Architects Jean Renaudie, Pierre Riboulet, Gérard Thurnauer and Jean Louis Vêret have laid out the area in five "villages" of 35 to 50 houses each. Servicing them will be a general store, restaurant, clubhouse with tennis courts and a large swimming pool, plus a day nursery and a central facility for maid service.

Changing Attitudes. Most of the houses will have combined living and dining rooms, four bedrooms, two baths, and two terraces with views of the sea. Roofs will be covered with an insulating 18-inch layer of earth, planted as a garden. And the houses will be separated only by winding lanes and alleys too narrow for autos to get through. Automobiles will be left at the peripheral road, where residents will have their garages. Most of the land will thus be left free for forest paths, riding trails and open space for sports.

Prices for houses in the first cluster, called Village du Merlier, will be high: \$60,000 to \$90,000. But the cost of a Riviera sea view is astronomical anyhow. The big question is whether the French, with their passion for owning little postage stamps of property all to themselves, will accept the idea of cluster living. The real-estate agent at half-completed Village du Merlier feels that attitudes are already changing. "At first, only about one out of ten visitors was impressed," he says. "Now at least half of them say they like the Village and the conception behind it."

THE HOUSE

Counter-Revolution on the Côte

Only a few decades ago, the French Riviera was a smiling land of tile-roofed fishing villages, creeks, coves, vineyards and cool pine forests flanking the Maritime Alps as they tumble into the green-blue Mediterranean. There were a few sedate hotels for sedate people. Then city people swarmed down from the sunless north, turning the beaches into a Côte de Coney. With their headlong eagerness for a piece of the land to call their own, they turned the simple fishermen and winegrowers into gouging real-estate sharks, who chopped up the sea front and the slopes behind it into minute lots and sprawling housing developments, jerry-built apartment houses and vulgar villas in fake style *provençal*. Now, at last, the master planners have launched a counter-revolution.

The Cluster Life. The term this counter-revolution takes is the clustering of houses combined with the periph-



SCOPITONE WATCHERS IN MANHATTAN
Even Nikita has red shorts.



What happens when a city's reservoir becomes a mud flat?

The people of Duncan, Oklahoma, found out a few years ago when a succession of droughts threatened the health—and the future—of the city. Ironically Duncan, a city plagued with water shortage, is located in a county which has suffered through 70 floods in just 20 years. Today—with abundant water assured—Duncan is one of the fastest growing communities in the Southwest.

During the long, hot summer of 1955, Lake Duncan, the city's chief reservoir, became little more than a mud flat. At one point reserves were down to a day and a half's supply. The city's largest users were notified that if the drought continued, service would have to be cut.

To civic leaders like Lawrence L. Humphreys, banker and part-time rancher, the drought was bitter irony. Every spring Wildhorse Creek surged beyond its banks and ripped through the countryside near Duncan, destroying roads and bridges, ranch property and oilfield installations.

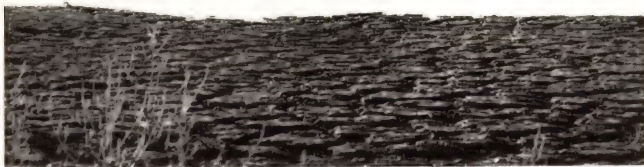
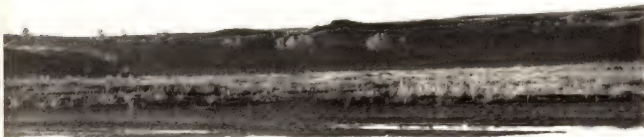
"You Can't Fight the Wildhorse Alone"

"I found out a long time ago that you can't fight the Wildhorse alone," remembers Mr. Humphreys. "Everything I ever tried was ruined by flood."

The Stephens County Soil Conservation District—under the leadership of businessman Nolen J. Fuqua—had been working on a flood prevention plan. With Humphreys and Fuqua leading the way, the plan was expanded to protect the entire 400,000-acre Wildhorse Watershed and to provide water storage for Duncan.

Duncan's share of the proposed plan—the biggest bond issue ever submitted to Duncan voters—totaled \$2,500,000. After an intensive person-to-person information campaign, the issue passed by a 13 to 1 margin.

With abundant water assured, Duncan's refineries



have spent more than \$2,500,000 in the past few years for added capacity. Duncan's No. 1 employer, a worldwide oilfield service company, recently announced a \$6,500,000 local expansion program.

Retail Business Surges

Duncan's cash registers rang up \$42,000,000 in retail sales last year—7th highest among Oklahoma cities, despite the fact that Duncan is only 16th in population. City property values are up. So are payrolls, bank deposits and personal savings.

Last spring 17 inches of rain poured down on the Wildhorse Watershed in just ten days. Once this rush of water—half of the area's total annual rainfall—would have caused severe flood damage. But Wildhorse Creek never rose above its banks in the protected area.

Duncan voters recently approved a similar cooperative project. It will provide a water supply large enough for a city of 40,000, twice the current population.



Abundant water assured, Duncan's No. 1 employer announced a \$6½ million local expansion program.

Is Your City Plagued with Water Problems?

The people of Duncan found out that individual citizens *can* do something to solve local water problems. But it takes energetic, civic-minded people like L. L. Humphreys and Nolen Fuqua.

Are you concerned enough to be the first voice for action in *your* city?

For information on our nationwide water problem, send for the booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A." Write Dept. T-44, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.



Duncan cash registers rang up \$42,000,000 in retail sales last year—7th highest among Oklahoma cities.

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THE PRESS

CAMPAIGN COVERAGE

The Republicans & the Reporters

"I'll be very interested to read the newspaper accounts," Barry Goldwater told 1,500 county government officials in Washington last week in his first major speech since he was nominated. "I won't say that the papers misquote me," he added, "but I sometimes wonder where Christianity would be today if some of these reporters were Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."*

Goldwater's running mate, Bill Miller, echoed the theme. He complained that the press and television had overplayed the backing given to the Republican candidate by far-right groups and made it look as if "it is the kooks who support Goldwater." The press and television had not given such treatment to the Democrats, he charged. "Why don't they put the question to that Communist, Gus Hall, on whether he is for President Johnson?" asked Miller. "The Ku Klux Klan always supports the Democratic Party," he said, with a rather outdated perspective, "but it is never asked about it."

A Fact of Life. Both Goldwater and Miller were reflecting a long-simmering feeling in professional Republican ranks that the working press is biased against the G.O.P.—a kind of inversion of the old "one-party press" complaint that Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman used to make against Republican publishers. It is a feeling that surfaced during Richard Nixon's presidential campaign and exploded after his run for the California governorship. It was dramatically reflected in the uproar in the San Francisco Cow Palace last month when Dwight Eisenhower jabbed at "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators."

The root of this Republican resentment is one of the basic facts of U.S. journalistic life: most members of the working press are inclined to the Democratic side of politics. The working Republicans know it, and therefore see signs of slant in the coverage that they get. Thus Donald Lukens, the chairman of the Young Republican National Federation, has called for more young Republicans to become journalists "to promote honest and accurate reporting of the Republican cause."

The Imprecise Statements. Whatever the personal politics of the working press, Barry Goldwater creates many of his own problems. His statements are often so imprecise that they lead to a wide variety of interpretations and misinterpretations. Seldom has a major political candidate in the U.S. found it so necessary to clarify or revise what he has said. One important example is his acceptance-speech statement on extrem-

ism, which he was still explaining and amending last week (see THE NATION).

Both the Goldwater camp and the press are now aware of the problem of their differences present in coverage of the campaign. Some editors agree with the Chicago Daily News' Larry Fanning, who believes that the result will be "more pressure on newsmen to be sure of their facts." Press chiefs across the country, including Associated Press General Manager Wes Gallagher and New York Times Managing Editor Tur-



"AND NOW THE SENATOR
WILL SAY A FEW WORDS
TO BALANCE HIS PREVIOUS REMARKS."

ner Catledge, have reminded their staffs to be fair, informative and impartial.

Campaign Strategy. For his part, Goldwater told reporters in Hershey, Pa., last week: "I'll get along with you fellows all right. You've got to eat and I've got to eat." Yet Republican National Committee members are under orders from the new Goldwater-appointed chief, Dean Burch, not to talk to newsmen. And Running Mate Miller says that "to avoid misquotation," Goldwater will stress television speeches and de-emphasize press conferences.

On those grounds, the Democrats will almost certainly attack Goldwater's reluctance to face the press; in response, Goldwater & Co. are likely to reiterate their charges of unfair treatment. Thus the press faces the prospect of being an issue and an element of strategy in the campaign of 1964.

REPORTING

Both Sides & the Middle

Zooming about the island in rented red M.G.s andSprites, correspondents covering the Cyprus fighting see something hidden from most war correspondents: both sides. Even the press corps headquarters—the comfortable Ledra Palace Hotel—is located directly on the often violated Green Line

* Walter Lippmann cracked back: "The Evangelists had a more inspiring subject."

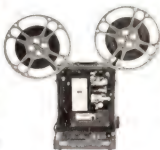
How to be right all the time and still be human...



Show. In one showing a movie can picture ideas that would otherwise take hours of diagramming, lecturing and discussion. Such things as how an amoeba moves or how cork is harvested in Spain or what makes a rocket go. As good as your movie may be, however, it will show and tell only as well as your projector can.



Show. Movies have a facility for showing the consequences of doing it wrong as well as the benefits of doing it right—as when training people, for example. You can see what this can mean to safety records as well as to productivity. With expensive man-hours riding on every training session, however, better be sure your projector isn't the kind that interrupts its own performance.



Show. Sometimes only a movie can sell something. Like when there's no other practical way to get buyer and product together. Example: a 17-minute movie sold a signal system to a wilderness railroad; a 28-minute film is selling faraway real estate to every fourth prospect who sees it. Very important, however, is a projector that a salesman likes well enough to use.

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WAR CRIMINAL ZECH-NENNWICH BETWEEN NEWSMEN MÜNCH & HEGGEMANN
Aided by a beautiful girl friend, a lovelorn Greek, and plain brass.

dividing Greek and Turkish factions. Pasting press stickers on their car windshields, the correspondents dash in and out of the fighting zones, crossing no man's land where armed U.N. troops dare not tread. Both Turkish and Greek Cypriots welcome the press because they want to get their views before world opinion. Still, crossing the lines is tricky. "The technique," says one experienced correspondent, "is to wave something white, like a shirt or a sheet, and yell 'press' in the appropriate language. Drive slowly, don't get them startled, honk in the daylight and blink headlights at night." Last week, however, NBC's Al Rosenfeld neglected the technique. Waved past a Greek outpost, he and an assistant headed across no man's land without signaling. Rosenfeld was hit in the face by a Turkish bullet. He piled up his car and had to wait four hours until a U.N. armored car finally rescued him and carried him to a Royal Air Force hospital. There, doctors reported him in critical condition with the bullet still lodged in his skull.

Newsleuths Get Their Man

West Germany was stunned in April when convicted Nazi War Criminal Hans Walter Zech-Nennwich, 47, walked through five bribed-open doors in a Braunschweig prison and escaped. Germans last week were again astonished by the manner in which he was recaptured. The former SS captain was tracked down not by the police, but by two newsmen from Hamburg's illustrated magazine *Stern* (Star)—Reporter Hubertus Münch, 40, and Photographer Dieter Heggemann, 39.

Cherchez la Femme. Though the two have worked as a team for less than a year, sleuthing seems to come naturally to them, and with reason. Before joining *Stern* in 1963, rotund, nervous Münch was one of Germany's most popular writers of whodunits; rugged, imperturbable Heggemann has a natural flair for adventure, once crossed the Alps in a balloon. *Stern* Editor Henri

Nannen (TIME, Jan. 25, 1960) put the pair on the case as soon as he learned of Zech-Nennwich's escape.

While the police vainly searched for the fugitive, Münch and Heggemann decided to *cherchez la femme*—the fugitive's girl friend, beautiful Margit Steinheuer, 25, who had also disappeared. Two nights of pub crawling turned up a brokenhearted young Greek student who had been one of Margit's special friends. Taunted by Münch that he had perhaps been merely a passing fancy, the Greek whipped out a postcard of the Acropolis postmarked only a few days before in Athens. It bore no signature but only the message: "Now I can understand why you are homesick for your lovely country."

Münch and Heggemann jetted to Athens and after an intense hunt found an Athens dry cleaner who remembered sitting behind a man resembling Zech-Nennwich on a TWA flight to Egypt. The newsmen found the fugitive in the 22nd Cairo hotel they visited. Total time for the search: eight days. Their story made headlines around the world, but Zech-Nennwich rejected their advice to return to Germany and serve out his sentence.

Check the Villa. Last month, however, came a tip from Egypt that Zech-Nennwich had flown to Brussels. Rushing there, Münch flashed the fugitive's picture to taxi drivers at the airport until one cabbie remembered taking the German to the border town of Eupen. In Eupen, Münch found another driver who had taken a "German businessman" across the border on a rush trip to Remagen—the town where Zech-Nennwich owns a villa. Münch and Heggemann boldly rang the villa's doorbell and demanded to see Zech-Nennwich. In a four-day talk marathon, the pair finally persuaded him to surrender to the police, then sped to Hamburg to turn out a 14-page exclusive spread that was certain to help *Stern* (circulation: 1,700,000) maintain its position as Germany's largest weekly magazine.



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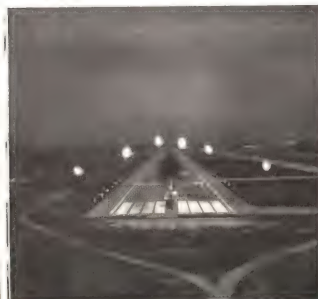
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condition. From 10 miles out.

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NO MAN'S LAND

For ten years, Smokey Bear's forest fire prevention program improved, making better and better records. While the number of visitors to the great outdoors increased tenfold, the number of man-caused fires decreased from 210,000 per year to 100,000 and the burned acres dropped from 30-million to about 4-million.

Then it happened. Unusually dry weather conditions across the country and for the first time in a decade, the number of fires and amount of fire damage jumped. Please do your part. Whenever you are outdoors, be very, very careful with all matches, fires and smokes. Don't help turn a living forest into a No Man's Land.



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MEDICINE

GENETICS

Of Muscles & Enzymes

The Bar Harbor elementary school, overlooking summer vacationers looking over the rockbound coast of Maine, seems an unlikely place to originate major medical news about some of the most baffling and intractable diseases of man. But last week the school was the classroom for a course in hereditary disease sponsored by the National Foundation-March of Dimes and attended by 100 research specialists from most of the top U.S. medical schools and research institutions. The results were highlighted by two significant reports: on dwarfism (see following story), and on the possible prevention of muscular dystrophy.

Muscular dystrophy is not a single disease but a group of hereditary disorders in which muscle fibers are damaged and eventually destroyed. At Bar Harbor last week an English exchange researcher at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, Dr. Alan E. H. Emery, listed eight forms of the disease. Six are extremely rare. The other two are called the "Duchenne" type. One of these, a less serious form, often affects adults. The other is the most common of all the dystrophies: it is also the most deadly. With rare exceptions it occurs only in boys, attacking them by age three or four and usually killing them before age 20. This type is transmitted by a defective gene on the female, or X, chromosome. There is no cure, and none in sight, for

dystrophy of this type. But in many of these cases, Dr. Emery saw hope of prediction and of prevention through genetic counseling.

Carrier Mothers. Since boy victims of Duchenne dystrophy are severely crippled in their teens and dead at an early age, they do not reproduce. It is women who carry the curse, much as they carry that of hemophilia, without clearly falling victim to it themselves. Heredity decrees that half of a woman carrier's sons will be victims of the disease and half of her daughters will be carriers.

In its male victims, muscular dystrophy has long been known to cause a widespread upset in body chemistry, mainly in the enzyme system. In normal men and women, for example, the normal level of an enzyme called creatine kinase is up to 1.5 units per liter of blood. Early in life a boy with Duchenne dystrophy may have astronomically high levels, sometimes up to 1,000 units. Dr. Emery and his fellow workers at the Hopkins decided to check the creatine kinase level in mothers of normal boys, mothers of a single dystrophic boy (who might have produced a non-recurring defective ovum) and who might not be carriers) and mothers of two or more dystrophic boys who almost certainly would be carriers.

Suspicious Uncles. For a woman whose fertilized ovum has suffered a one-time mutation and who is not a carrier, the creatine kinase test is no predictor. Her level is that of a normal woman. But in many women who are carriers, the level can go as high as 40 units per liter. A woman who has had one dystrophic child or relative should have her creatine kinase level measured by means of a blood test, said Dr. Emery. Any woman who knows that a brother or an uncle or a great-uncle has died of the disease should likewise get herself tested. If the creatine kinase level is high in such a woman, she should be advised to have no more children. For a double check in suspected carrier cases, Dr. Emery recommended a more elaborate test for measuring another enzyme, LDH-5, and checking the cells in a pinch of tissue taken from the calf muscle. If the LDH-5 level and the cells are abnormal, the pinch should clinch it.

Inbreeding & Dwarfism

For geneticists the fascinating fact about the Old Order Amish, one of the sects of the Pennsylvania Dutch country's "Plain People," is that they all are descended from about 200 immigrants of 200 years ago. A few Amish leave the ancestral acres and simple (no motors, no worldly entertainments) way of life, but virtually no new blood has been introduced to create genetic confusion. For such a group, to survive is to inbreed, and the Amish have more than



SIX-DIGIT HANDS
Inevitably, one-fourth die.

survived; they now number 44,000. In 1963, to take advantage of this unique opportunity into the land of the black buggy, the beard and the modest homestead went Johns Hopkins' Dr. Victor A. McKusick, an epidemiologist as well as a geneticist. And last week at Bar Harbor out came a detailed report on two forms of dwarfism, one recognized only a generation ago, the other brand-new to medical science.

Samuel's Seed. The first form is confined, so far as the U.S. is concerned, to the region of Pennsylvania's Lancaster County around a town called Intercourse. Named the "Ellis-van Creveld Syndrome" after the Scottish and Dutch pediatricians who first reported it in 1940, it has no common name and is so uncommon elsewhere in the world that only about 50 cases had been reported until McKusick's Hopkins team moved into Pennsylvania. There they found proof of at least 49 cases since 1860, with 24 still living. Most exciting, genetically at least: the Amish keep such exact genealogical records that McKusick was able to trace all 60 parents to whom the 49 were born. And all were descended from a single immigrant and his wife.

It was in 1744 that Samuel King arrived in the U.S. He or his wife (it is impossible now to tell which) had one chromosome marked by a defective gene. Since the gene is a recessive, none of their children showed any sign of its curse, nor did their children's children. If they had married normally into the U.S. population at large, probably the gene would have stayed quiescent, with only an infinitesimal chance of sad results. But within a couple of generations, King's descendants began to marry second or third cousins. Eventually, it had to happen: a man who carried the gene married a cousin, of some degree or remove, who also carried it. Their un-



MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY ASSOCIATIONS OF AMERICA

CAMPAIGN POSTER

Hopefully, a pinch could provide it.

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you care...



Lonely watchtower in Korea, edge of darkness in Berlin, silent jungle in Vietnam, crowded small town near the base...if he's there, so is the U.S.O. With 197 clubs that bring a wonderful, welcome touch of home to men and women far from their own. With traveling shows that bring music and laughter to the loneliest outposts on earth. Telling over 2,500,000 Americans in uniform (one from every 18 families) that somebody's grateful, somebody cares back home.

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fortunate offspring inherited a double dose of the bad gene.

Snipped Fingers. The first known case, said Dr. McKusick at Bar Harbor, was born in 1860. Though the Amish average a couple of inches shorter than the general U.S. population, there is no mistaking the deformity. Ellis-van Creveld dwarfs range in height from only 40 to 60 inches. They have six fingers on each hand, the extra one being on the outside of the hand beyond the little finger. Sometimes (but not consistently) there is a sixth toe on one foot or both. Although it is not conspicuous at birth, many dwarf babies have an abnormal heart with only three chambers instead of four (no septum between the auricles), and a weakness or deficiency of cartilage in the chest and around the windpipe. One-fourth of the dwarf children die of such defects within two weeks of birth. Another fourth of the dwarf babies have less severe heart defects, and survive. Half of them appear to have no heart defects and may achieve a near-normal life span. One such man is now 58. He is one of eight living adult dwarfs (20 or over), and there are 16 children and teenagers.

Most parents have the children's extra fingers amputated when they are a few months old. The children show no mental retardation or IQ loss. And they probably fare better in the closed Amish community than in the less tolerant world outside.

Fine Hair. Equally bizarre, and also transmitted through a recessive gene, is the new form of dwarfism found by Dr. McKusick among the Amish in more than a dozen communities. It is a new kind of genetic defect. Doctors who earlier noticed cases of this kind of dwarfism among the Amish mistook it for achondroplasia, a form made familiar by Velasquez's paintings of dwarfs as court jesters, with short arms and legs, a large head and a "scooped-out" nose. But Dr. McKusick's team found significant differences. These Amish dwarfs do not have big heads or misshapen noses. Aside from their short arms and legs (from a defect in their cartilage), their only other physical abnormality is their hair. It is light-colored, even in a dark-haired family. It is sparse and very fine (i.e., small diameter). It is brittle and never grows long enough for an Amish mother to braid a dwarf daughter's locks. Since the main features of this form of dwarfism are underdevelopment of cartilage and hair, Dr. McKusick has named it "cartilage-hair hypoplasia," or CHH. Only two similar cases have now been found among non-Amish in France and two more in Minnesota.

Certainly, the prevalence of these bad genes has had little effect on fertility: five CHH dwarf men have married normal women and have had normal children. But one CHH dwarf married a CHH woman, and she has borne three CHH dwarf children.

Just days ago, South Viet Nam braced for war. This week's LIFE has the story—in color.

LIFE, this week, presents exclusive color photos of the fighting in Viet Nam—and in Cyprus. News coverage like this, with the added dimension of color, is something no other magazine can duplicate, so fast.

Again this week, LIFE demonstrates its ability to move as fast as the changing world around it. Week after week, colorful reporting—color reporting—brings 32 million Americans to

LIFE

LIFE Photo by Harry Holt from U.S.



ART

STYLES

New Look at Art Nouveau

When the movie *My Fair Lady* opens in October, it will hammer into the public consciousness a new appreciation of an old art style that was known in its day as art nouveau—new art. In planning the film's sets and 1,000 period costumes, complete with white lace, pink muslin, and ostrich feathers sprouting from extravagant hats, British Designer Cecil Beaton drew on childhood memories of Edwardian England at the turn of the century. He thereby put the movie right in the current stylistic swim. For a decade the revival of art nouveau has been building in nostalgic museum shows in London, Munich and New

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT SHOE BAG



ELLIOTT SHOE BAG

Fair for My Fair Lady.

York; now it has burst on Western Europe and is spreading to the U.S.

Art nouveau is the interior at Max-Im's, the typography of *McCall's*, the Ziegfeld Theater, the shopping bags of London's Elliott shoe company, the gaudy Métro exit at Paris' Place de la Bastille, the Postal Savings Bank building in Vienna, the curly white painted Italian furniture, Tiffany lamps, Gallé vases, books with spiraling Aubrey Beardsley designs, and twisted, forged-iron banisters now flooding art shops and galleries.

Lilies—Water, Tiger, Colla. The style had its origins in pre-Raphaelite painting, flourished in Toulouse-Lautrec's famous posters of June Avril, and was murdered by the cold cubism of Weimar's Bauhaus. Now it seems old-fashioned, yet it marked a rebellion against the fussy, historically eclectic aspects of Victorian art. It found its forms in nature: the lily (water, tiger and colla), clinging vines, leaves of all kinds, jellyfish, polyps—a whole botanical garden of gentle, curving shapes.

In Paris' Flea Market, a six-inch Gallé vase, which only a year or two ago would have sold for \$30 or less,

recently brought \$130, sending antique dealers scurrying to their basements in search of other long-discarded bric-a-brac. In Britain, where the revival has fired popular fancy, William Morris prints are the current fashion fabric hit. Munich's taste-setting decorator store, Die Einrichtung, recently supplemented its modern pieces with settees, rosewood chests, chairs, shelves and ceramics whose curvaceous shape and exotic flavor display kinship with the tenets of Henry van de Velde, Belgian painter, architect, designer, and leading prophet of art nouveau 70 years ago.

Old & Yet New. Fifteen years ago, says French Art Expert Maurice Rheims, "no one except King Farouk would have thought of buying Gallé vases." But



DRESS & SOFA IN WILLIAM MORRIS FABRICS

tastes change. The art-nouveau revival dates from 1952, when London's Victoria and Albert Museum organized a great retrospective exhibit. In Germany, where the sway of the Jugendstil (as art nouveau was called there and in Austria) had been total and the counter-blow of the 1920s most radical, rediscovery began in 1958 with a big show at Munich's Haus der Kunst. In the U.S. the comprehensive 1960 "Art Nouveau" exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art launched the rediscovery.

Partly, the European "revival is a sign of tiredness and nostalgia for calmer times," says Milan Architect Gio Ponti. Hugh G. Wakefield of the Victoria and Albert Museum attributes the renewal to the cyclical rhythm in art taste: "Art nouveau is easily recognizable; yet it is now sufficiently far away from us so it has lost the connotation of old-fashioned." But others think the revival of interest in craftsmanship, the elegant and refined, is no Proustian search to relive things past. Rather, it constitutes a revolt against the grim, stark, formless, spiritless expression of much abstract art and modern architecture.

The world looks back to the other

styles of art nouveau's time—Fauvism, cubism, futurism, expressionism—with an interest that is chiefly academic. But art nouveau was at heart a designer's style: to look back at it is to arouse a warmly human desire to exploit once again, in modern design, its oddly disturbing colors, its writhing forms, its almost erotic character.

SCULPTURE

Profound Primitive

"The egg is not the error of the chicken," says Jean Ipousteguy. What a sculptor makes, he implies, is what he must make, and if that urge defines a primitive, Ipousteguy is a primitive. The third leg on *Man* (see opposite page) has no metaphysical meaning to the shy, short artist who put it there, and he can only suspect that psychologists might be able to give some explanation.

A spate of exhibits over the past two years, including a showing at this summer's Venice Biennale, and major sales to private collectors and galleries, including one for the sculpture garden at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, have drawn Ipousteguy to the top rank of France's sculptors. Now 44, he gravitated to sculpture after years as a painter and grade-school art teacher, a job he kept until two years ago. He turned to sculpture in 1949 because "with its denser aspects it is more suitable to my expression, which is often closer to sadness than serenity." His first notable exhibit was in 1956 at the Paris Salon de Mai.

Art Dealer Claude Bernard saw his work and gave him a contract. The relationship is eminently satisfactory. Says Ipousteguy: "With Claude Bernard I have total liberty. He never asks me to meet a customer, never suggests that I make smaller, more easily sellable works. When my style evolves and changes, he makes no remarks."

His obsession appears to be a need to express chaos and sorrow in order to work toward order and serenity. In most of his works, whether in concrete or bronze, there is a part that is orderly—a square or straight line and a smooth surface—and a part that is rough, representing chaos and decay.

A restless intellect, Ipousteguy likes to read widely: Proust, Sartre, Salinger, De Maupassant. He is attracted to painters as different as Turner ("He moves me like music") and the Pre-Raphaelites, and at the same time admires Tarzan comic strips. His resulting meditations lead him idly down thoughts in a notebook. Mostly they are rather enigmatic: "This dirty juice, this thing much sanctified: this wine. This coward, this backward-looking fugitive: this Hero." But sometimes his jottings illuminate his sculptures—his half-noble, half-ridiculous Goliath, his David triumphant but howling with grief. Writes Ipousteguy: "Disfigured-transfigured, disfiguration-transfiguration: this is the only thing to remember about this man—and others."



HEROIC *David* (1959), his own chest crushed, appeals to the heavens over *Goliath's* shattered head and helmet on ground.

IPOUSTEGUY'S BRUTAL BRONZES



SHARED symmetry of crawling and flying is captured in one movement by sculptor's *The Crab and the Bird* (1958).

BEAUTY flawed by suffering, a recurrent theme, shows in scars gouged in *Man* and thick-bodied *Earth* (1963).





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THE LAW

LAWYERS

87 Years Old & Getting Younger

In 1878 a group of rich Eastern lawyers began meeting in Saratoga Springs "to get the benefit of the waters and to see our friends." Although they called themselves the American Bar Association, for years they stayed so Saratoga-centered that one member recoiled at the very idea of gathering in "faraway" Cleveland. "Why, we'll have a lot of strangers at the meeting," he warned.

Last week the A.B.A.'s 87th annual convention jammed a dozen Manhattan hotels with a lot of strangers, and also three Supreme Court Justices and the President of the U.S. From breakfast to banquet, 7,000 lawyers heard 600 speeches on everything from "Sex and the Single Premium" to "The De-

stems from such instances as the time (1910) when the A.B.A. president decried the "dangerous" doctrine of interpreting the Constitution as "an elastic instrument." Nearly half a century later, A.B.A. orations on the same theme reportedly drove Chief Justice Warren to resign in 1959. In the early 1950s, the A.B.A. approved resolutions opposing social security for lawyers and supporting a 25% ceiling on income taxes. It still has only a handful of Negro members. In 1960 it elected as president a Mississippian—John C. Satterfield—who later advised Governor Ross Barnett on how to keep Negroes out of the University of Mississippi.

Quiet Desegregationist. Now winds of change are blowing through the A.B.A. Last week's meeting boasted the first woman invited to address the A.B.A. assembly: the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, first (1958) woman to sit in Britain's House of Lords. This year's outgoing president, Arizonan Walter F. Craig, is a federal judge-select who stoutly defends the Supreme Court. His successor is Virginian Lewis F. Powell Jr., the moderate former chairman of the Richmond school board, who quietly desegregated that city's schools in 1959. Powell's exemplary platform: Speed up A.B.A. efforts to strengthen professional ethics, equalize criminal justice and defend the indigent.

The center of A.B.A. power is the 275-member house of delegates, a combine of 50 state-elected delegates and representatives of other legal groups, such as the National Conference of Bar Examiners. The house controls the election of all national officers. Equally important, it passes on resolutions prepared by the A.B.A.'s workhorse committees and "sections"—permanent groups that do everything from evaluating U.S. law schools to screening nominees for the federal bench. Most section ideas get fast house approval. But not always. Last week the house tabled a resolution backing an end to national origin as a basis for U.S. immigration quotas. Too controversial, ruled the majority.

Broad Concerns. Despite such caution, the A.B.A. can claim credit for many legislative reforms—from the 1891 act creating federal circuit courts of appeal, to the 1946 Administrative Procedure Act governing federal regulatory agencies, to new legislation enabling federal courts to pay court-appointed lawyers. To aid law students, it approved last week its first \$2,000,000 student loan program. To educate practicing lawyers, it sponsors more than 40 publications, from the *A.B.A. Journal* to the *Practical Lawyer*. To train green state trial judges, it recently founded a summer "college" in Colorado. To spur legal research, it runs Chicago's \$600,000-a-year American Bar Foundation. Though its 83 canons of ethics have yet to be uniformly

obeyed or even favored, the A.B.A. is still the only bar group with the power and increasingly the will to set high standards across the country. One measure of all this change is the Independent Bar Association—a newly organized group of conservative lawyers who criticize the A.B.A. for being too liberal.

THE COURTS

Justice for Juveniles

Nothing has so baffled judges through the ages as how to handle children accused of crime. English common law absolved those under seven but often gave older children the same rap as adults. One eight-year-old was thus hanged for burning a barn, reports Blackstone's *Commentaries*; a 13-year-old servant girl was burned for killing her mistress. Such shockers moved Illinois in 1899 to establish the first U.S. juvenile court, on the humane theory



NEW A.B.A. PRESIDENT POWELL
Regulation requires more will.

fense of the White-Collar Accused." Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy announced a new Office of Criminal Justice to improve criminal procedures and perhaps soften the Department of Justice's reputation as what he called "The Department of Prosecution."

Important Nonmembers. All this moved one A.B.A. official to announce expansively that "we are truly representative of every lawyer everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land." The A.B.A. does indeed claim as members almost half the nation's 265,832 licensed lawyers. Its representation ranges from 83% of all lawyers in thinly populated Nevada to only 30% in lawyer-crammed Washington, D.C. There, its nonmembers include three Supreme Court Justices (Black, Douglas, White) and Chief Justice Warren.

Its critics call it inbred, conservative, Southern-dominated. This reputation



JUDGE KETCHAM

Protection can mean loss of basic rights.

that government must "protect" children whose parents fail them, rehabilitating rather than punishing.

No, 13,459. Juvenile courts now exist in every state. In three-quarters of the states they handle all offenders under 18. Yet today they face unprecedented criticism for everything from coddling to cruelty. All too often, protectiveness has made them so unjudicial that they are accused of dispensing injustice.

Anti-coddlers roast juvenile courts by reciting the statistic that persons under 25 now account for one-third of all city arrests for serious crimes. In a random poll of visitors to the New York World's Fair, the *Daily News* asked, "Should juvenile offenders involved in serious crimes be shielded from publicity?" The poll standing last week: Yes, 8,063; No, 13,459. Such reaction is fueled by the action of a New York City juvenile court last month after two juveniles drenched a six-year-old boy in lighter fluid and set him afire for "kicks." As always, the court refused not only to

* The get-'em-in-the-tent title of a lecture on insurance law.



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reveal their names but even to say what it did with them.

In 100,000. Far sharper is the criticism of many lawyers and judges that juvenile courts are "protecting" delinquents right out of their basic constitutional rights. Because juvenile proceedings are said to be "noncriminal," delinquents in many states have been regularly deprived of bail, lawyers, juries, the right to exclude hearsay evidence, and the right to public trial.

Errant children cannot be committed as juvenile delinquents beyond the age of 21. Yet they can be held for weeks or months without a hearing. According to Washington, D.C.'s Judge Orman Ketcham, U.S. county jails hold as many as 100,000 children per year. Moreover, because they can be held to 21, juveniles often get longer sentences than adults do for the same offense.

Solomon to 225,000. No one knows all this better than the country's 3,000 juvenile court judges, a quarter of them non-lawyers and most of them overworked. In 1957, Washington's Judge Ketcham found himself the low-paid Solomon in sole charge of the city's 225,000 juvenile cases, plus all of its paternity suits and non-support cases. By contrast, 31 other judges handled the city's 550,000 adult cases. "I had to hear 197 cases in my first three days of court," recalls Ketcham. "I don't want that to happen again to anyone."

President-elect of the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges, Judge Ketcham is a blunt advocate of defense lawyers in juvenile courts. Right now, lawyers represent less than 10% of juvenile delinquents in the country's 75 largest cities, where 69% of juvenile crime is concentrated.

Reached, 600. Changes are on the way in New York, where a new state law requires legal counsel for all juvenile delinquents and court-appointed "law guardians" for all those who cannot afford lawyers. California has an extensive new statute requiring that juveniles be fully informed of the charges against them and immediately released to their parents unless detention is an "urgent necessity." A child is not only entitled to a lawyer but must have one if his misconduct is equivalent to an adult felony.

To spur other states, Judge Ketcham's council has already produced a 550-page "Manual for Juvenile Court Judges," sponsored and half paid for by Sears, Roebuck. To upgrade judges, it has run 30 training institutes and conferences on law and behavioral sciences, so far has reached more than 600 judges from every state. Depending on whether a hefty foundation grant is forthcoming this fall, it will start prodding lawyers into the juvenile courts of Cleveland, Newark, New Orleans and North Carolina. The goal has been approved in advance by most big-city juvenile judges. In a recent survey 91.4% of them agreed that a juvenile's best "protection" is a good lawyer.



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FROM LOCKHEED RESEARCH



New ears for the deep, new eyes for the surface

The U.S. Navy has an urgent need for better ways to track targets in the depths and on the surface of Saltwater Space. From Lockheed research recently came solutions for two specific problems:

To test the performance of new undersea weapons, Lockheed-California Company's oceanographic scientists designed an undersea test range off the California coast with the cooperation of the U.S. Navy. They developed an ultra-sensitive hydrophone (left above) that withstands the tremendous pressures in the ocean depths. Three of these hydrophones, anchored 3,600 feet deep at the points of a 3,000-yard triangle, are linked by cable to a computer ashore.

They detect the sounds made by a weapon or other underwater vehicle as it passes through the range and record a precise, split-second profile of its speed, direction, and behavior—thus giving the Navy the same information from the depths that it gets from visual observation of surface and airborne weapons.

Effectiveness of the Navy's destroyer-class vessels will be greatly increased by a new gunfire control system from Lockheed Electronics Company. Though it weighs only 5,000 pounds, it

matches the performance of much larger systems that can be carried only by cruisers. It owes its high accuracy to a digital computer and an integral radar that utilizes a new Lockheed-developed technique for optical pulse compression. The system's radar antenna (hoisted in spherical radome in photo of model at right) can also be used for surface search and navigation, making an additional radar unnecessary.

Typical examples of the research afoot throughout Lockheed. Both demonstrate the unique ability of America's great aerospace companies to find practical uses for new discoveries in basic research.

LOCKHEED

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EDUCATION

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

As Hard as ABC

"Do you have any Negro students?" a visitor asked the headmaster of a celebrated Eastern prep school. "Certainly," came the reply—or so the story goes. "There's one of them now. I don't know where the other is, but he's around here somewhere."

Some of the top private schools in the U.S.—Mount Hermon, Exeter, Andover—have had Negro students for nearly a century. Others, neighborhood schools like Chicago's Francis W. Parker and Germantown (Pa.) Friends, have been admitting Negroes when they move into

schools* just finished a six-week experiment in teaching English and science to 250 elementary and junior high pupils from Boston public schools. Giving knowledge in big doses and small classes (ten students), the program aimed at instilling a thirst for learning that would grow during the normal school year. The same goal was behind Exeter's SPUR (Special Program for Underprivileged Regions) plan, which brought 20 eighth-grade pupils and four local teachers from Atlanta, St. Louis, Cleveland and Pittsburgh to New Hampshire for classes in Exeter's summer session. Next summer Hotchkiss School, financed by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation,

been conditionally accepted this fall on scholarships at such elite private schools as Choate, The Gurney and Groton. The condition was that they pass an intensive eight-week, catch-up tutorial program on the Dartmouth campus, which approximated the scholastic demands and social surroundings that they would face next month.

The students in the group, aged 13 to 17, got up before 7 a.m., studied math, reading and English from 8 until noon. Faculty counseling, sports, dinner and a three-hour study period filled the rest of the day until lights out at 10 p.m. At first their attention span for studying averaged only ten minutes; now it is 45. "I really don't think these kids ever studied outside class before," said a math instructor. "Most of them

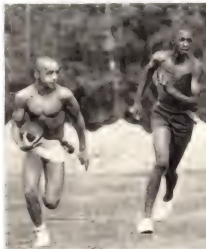


DIRECTOR DEY



PRE-PREP STUDENTS AT DARTMOUTH

On to Choate, The Gurney and Groton.



STAR PUPIL PALMER (LEFT)

the neighborhood. For most of the rest, the Negro on campus—if there was one—was the showcase star athlete, the brilliant scholar, the boy from Nigeria, or the son of a prominent clergyman. In twelve years the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students managed to place just 275 students in 46 prep schools. Says David Mallory, research director for the 700-member National Association of Independent Schools: "It is pretentious to talk about the 'desegregation' of independent schools, let alone the 'integration' of them."

Summer Courses. In the past two months, prep schools have been trying to make such talk less pretentious. A year ago a group of 30 private boarding and day schools in the Northeast joined in hiring James Simmons, a Negro who graduated from Hampton Institute and Harvard, to scout teachers, businessmen, lawyers and community leaders across the U.S. for bright, poor youngsters—mostly Negroes. Now they are being helped in two ways: summer courses and fulltime enrollment.

Six leading Boston-area private

will play host to 100 high school students who meet the official specifications: "Any boy of intellectual promise from a poor family, with preference to boys from slum neighborhoods, and especially from segregated areas."

Fulltime Enrollment. To get slum kids into prep schools as fulltime students, the Independent School Talent Search Program, the Rockefeller Foundation and Dartmouth have pooled resources in a pioneering plan called ABC (A Better Chance). "All kinds of money is going begging in good colleges that want Negroes," explains Dartmouth Associate Dean Charles Dey, director of ABC. "In fact the odds are in favor of disadvantaged Negroes' being admitted over disadvantaged whites. But the colleges can't lower their standards, and the Negroes can't meet them because they come from inferior secondary schools." ABC wants to close the gap.

This summer ABC took 54 students, all but ten of them Negroes, who had

have seen *High Noon* five times on television." To teach self-expression, students wrote as many as three essays a day on everything from movies and *The Odyssey* to the Orozco murals at Dartmouth's Baker Library. Progress was slow, but morale was high despite tensions in the strange surroundings. One embarrassed boy had to be taught to use a knife and fork.

The star pupil was Jeffrey Palmer, 17, son of a Steubenville, Ohio, mailman, who thought that the only thing wrong with the program was that "there isn't enough time to do everything." Most boys shared Jeffrey's enthusiasm, though often in the self-consciously proper style that befits prospective students at the best-mannered schools in the U.S. "Would you be so kind as to pass the butter, please?" said Earl Rhue, 15, of Bridgeport, Conn., to Wendell Hale, 13, of Birmingham, Ala. When that brought a chuckle from the dinner table, Earl had a ready Ivy reply: "A bit more decorum, please," he said.

Nearing the end of the experiment last week, Dey was optimistic that all the students had earned their ABC's.

* Shady Hill, Belmont Hill, Milton Academy, Roxbury Latin, Browne and Nichols, Noble and Greenough

"We demanded a lot of these boys," he said. "It may be tough and go for a fair number, but I hope their schools will give them some special support without being too lenient."

TEACHING

Dial-a-Course

When New York's small and conservative Ithaca College presses some modern communications technology into use in the fall of 1965, any student on the school's new \$20 million campus will be able to pick up the phone in his room, dial an archive of magnetic tapes, and hear any classroom lecture in philosophy, history or English that he happens to have missed. The plan, probably the first in the U.S., is aimed at students who cannot show up for class because of illness or scheduling conflicts, and at industrious pupils who want to hear a lecture repeated before taking an exam. What is to prevent an Ithaca student from going through college in pajamas, without ever having to leave his snug dormitory room? Dean of Arts and Sciences Robert M. Davies is not quite sure, but one hedge is an attendance system that strongly discourages cutting classes without a good excuse.

EDUCATION ABROAD

Cutback in Russia

Russian children go to compulsory school for eight years, between the ages of seven and 15, then go off on three different tracks. Some take fulltime jobs and give up school; a large number take jobs but study nights for three more years; and the rest—about half—have been going on to polytechnic schools for three more years to become technicians or to be part of the 12% of Russians who go to college. This is the shape of the plan for "eleven years of schooling" that was proclaimed by Nikita Khrushchev in 1958.

Last week the Soviet Union cut the eleven back to ten by lopping off the last year of polytechnic training. Almost everyone affected had complained about the eleven-year system. Educators raised a cry over falling academic standards, argued that it deprived nonvocational students of time to prepare for college. Factory managers complained of the low quality of stepped-up training, which in practice left many students merely gawking at the machines that they supposedly were learning to operate. Most important of all, manpower experts pointed out that Russia's acute labor shortage could not afford prolonged schooling for all of the nation's high school students.

Which overlooks Cornell University (which overlooks Cayuga's waters).

Most U.S. states require children to attend school until they are 16; 75% of students get twelve years by finishing high school; 33% enter college.



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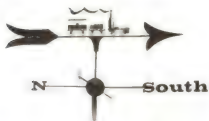
17th Annual Survey by McGraw-Hill Department of Economics



Follow the Leaders South

New McGraw-Hill survey reveals America's major manufacturers plan to funnel nearly one-third of all planned capital spending during 1964 and 1965 into Southern states.

McGraw-Hill Department of Economics made the survey. It shows that more than 30% of all dollars allocated by manufacturers for new plants and equipment this year and next will find their way into South and South Atlantic regions. Even more impressive are the percentages to be spent down here this year by some of the individual industries: Chemicals — 61%; Paper and Pulp — 45%; Petroleum — 49%; Textiles — 73%. Such confidence is not surprising.



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SHOW BUSINESS

NEW FACES

Les Girls

In Europe, 1964 promises to go down as a rare vintage year for movie actresses. The new Sylvias, Sophies and Sentas not only have body; they show as well the promise of potential fame. Individually, they are as dissimilar as Chianti, Burgundy and Liebraumilch. What they have in common is training, intelligence and talent. They can act.

Italy's Stefania Sandrelli, 18, is an actress right down to her toes. Her unforgettable game of footsie with a handsome sailor in the closing scenes of *Divorcee—Italian Style* led to her being cast in the sequel, *Seduced and Abandoned*. Rosanna Schiaffino, 25, whose Lollobridgework went from a small part in *La Notte Brava* to *The Victors* and *The Long Ships*, is married to Producer Alfredo Bini. He will have to produce a lot to finance Rosanna. Says she: "I am a very expensive girl. My husband will have to give me a houseful of servants if he wants a hot dinner and clean clothes now and then."

Tall, shapely Virna Lisi, 27, has a non-Latin look that appeals to Italian fans and will be sampled by U.S. audiences when she appears with Jack Lemmon in *How to Murder Your Wife*, her first Hollywood film. Sylva (38-26-38) Kosciuna, 27, is another tall, cool one, a Yugoslav by birth, who came on strong in Joseph Levine's muscle opera, *Hercules*, and keeps the paparazzi popping by strolling around in skintight black leather ski pants.

Golden Girl. Another hidebound type is Britain's strapping Honor Blackman, 37, who became celebrated for the array of leather suits, jackets, trench coats and boots that she sported in a Freudian private-eye TV series called *The Avengers*. As a result, so many women demanded leather garments in Britain that the price of shoes went up. Honor

plays Pussy Galore, the leather-sheathed leader of an Amazonian flying circus, in *Goldfinger*; the new James Bond thriller. Another face from Britain in *Goldfinger* belongs to Shirley Eaton, 27, blonde alumna of endless *Carry On* . . . comedies. No leather for Shirley: she appears once in a startling sort of bathingsuitless strap, later gets gold-plated from head to toe. "I end up dead," she says, "looking like an Oscar statue."

The German-speaking *Sexbombs* are a persevering, single-minded breed. Typical of her fetching generation is Senta Berger, 23, a former student at the Max Reinhardt Institute in Vienna, who played hooky from school to do a tiny bit in *The Journey* with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner, went on to play in *The Victors*, and stars with Charlton Heston in *Major Dundee*. Israel's Dahlia Lavi, 21, learned to dance in Sweden, has made films in France, had her first U.S. movie role in *Two Weeks in Another Town*, with Kirk Douglas. Lavi, who speaks English, Swedish, French, Hebrew, Italian and Arabic, learned Chinese and Cambodian for her role in the movie of Conrad's *Lord Jim* with Peter O'Toole.

In France, the post-Bardot girls all seem to be homebodies. Gallie fan magazines pose them indefatigably in décolleté aprons, cooking or warming baby bottles.

► Sophie Daumier, 27, lives with her ten-year-old son Philippe ("His father? Bah, a boy who wasn't worth marrying") and Actor Guy Bedos. A one-time toe dancer, she made ten films before last year's *Dragées au Poivre* (*Sweet and Sour*) established Sophie as "the most exuberant comic of the *Nouvelle Vague*." The latest Bedos-Daumier hit, *Aimez-Vous les Femmes?*, is a comedy about cannibalism; the *pièce de résistance* is Sophie *au naturel*.
► Catherine Deneuve, 20, was known all over France when she was 18 as the *Folle Twistante* because of her appear-



DAUMIER



BLACKMAN

LISI

REPORTERS ASSOCIATED



DENEUVE

JOE MARSHALL



KOSCIUNA



EATON



SANDRELLI



BERGER

Whether hidebound, aproned or gold-plated, they have brains as well as Lollobridgework.

PARIS MATCH



DORLEAC



SCHIAFFINO

Vivacious and expensive.

ance in a movie with guitar-wacking Johnny Hallyday. But then Svengali Roger Vadim snared her, paled her complexion, and hollowed out her cheeks for his modern-dress version of the Marquis de Sade's *Justine*, which he called *Le Vice et La Vertu*. She played *Vertu*. Catherine presented Vadim with a son, Christian, before he left her for a new Trilby, U.S. Actress Jane Fonda. Catherine holds no grudge against Vadim ("I have my Christian, my Vadim in miniature") and clings to the image he created for her.

► Françoise (38-23-36) Dorléac, 22, Deneuve's vivacious sister, has a funny-bone that suggests a blend of Carole Lombard and Kay Kendall. Her body is long and sinewy, and she prances when she walks, but her hair is her torture. It covers her face like a sheep dog's, gets in her mouth when she talks, floats in her own prop wash as she capers ahead of *That Man from Rio*. Showing no face at all, only hair, she read for the lead in the Paris production of *Gigi* in 1960. She got the part, and Dorléac was a name.

► Catherine Spaak, 19, is a lithe, wide-eyed, legal-age Lolita type who calls Belgium's Foreign Minister Uncle Paul Henri. She got her start at 15 in Carlo Ponti's *The Adolescents*, recently taught herself English to appear in *The Empty Canvas* with Horst Buchholz and Bette Davis. Catherine recently finished a remake of *La Ronde* in Paris, then circled back to Rome to start work on *Three Nights of Love*.

In the U.S., the mid-'60s has seen the decline of the sex goddess as a type, and Hollywood seems not to care about cultivating any more. One reason perhaps is that young American actresses would rather be considered serious than seductive. Europe by contrast, is burlesoning with girls who know how to be both—and have to be for the Continent's beloved bedroom operas. Ironically, the immense increase in U.S. moviemaking abroad has given Europe's New Wave actresses an unparalleled opportunity to win fame in big-budget, internationally distributed films.

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\$164,914,000

(\$74,500,000 additional First Mortgage Bonds)

(\$90,414,000 rescheduling of outstanding Bonds)

Reynolds Metals Company

First Mortgage Bonds

As part of its program for financing capital additions and improvements the Company has contracted for the private sale of \$74,500,000 of additional First Mortgage Bonds, Series E, due June 1, 1990. In addition the Company has rescheduled payments on \$90,414,000 of outstanding First Mortgage Bonds. The rescheduled Bonds are payable from 1982 to 1990, discharging sinking fund obligations during the next four years totalling \$63,513,000, and reducing sinking fund payments due from 1969 to maturity, on certain presently outstanding First Mortgage Bonds.

The undersigned acted on behalf of the Company
in connection with this financing.

Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.

Reynolds & Co.

August 11, 1964.

SPORT

BASEBALL

The Big Eye League

Yogi Berra grinned at the news. "Ciee," said the manager of the New York Yankees, "nobody asked me to buy the club. Mickey and I would have bought it." But others were not so amused last week upon hearing that the Yankees had been sold to the Columbia Broadcasting System. "I think it's lousy," said Chicago White Sox Owner Arthur Allyn, who objected to the hurry-up way the league had polled its owners for permission. "This is a hell of a way to run the American League," roared Kansas City Owner Charles Finley, who objects to everything. But the league's eight other owners said O.K., and in the space of a few hours, one of the most sensational sales in sports history was consummated.

The mighty Yankees, winners of 28 pennants and 20 World Series, were now in showbiz. The terms called for CBS to pay Yankee Owners Dan Topping and Del Webb \$11.2 million cash for 80% of the franchise. Topping and Webb would retain 10% each until 1969, after which CBS had the option of buying them out. Until then, Topping would remain as president and operating boss, running the club as an "independent" subsidiary of CBS.

Obvious Advantages. If the deal came as a surprise, it was obviously a good one for both sides. Topping and Webb had already taken tremendous profits since purchasing the club with Larry MacPhail in 1945 for \$2,800,000. Two years later, they bought out MacPhail for \$2,000,000, got that back and more when they sold Yankee Stadium and the land under it for \$6,500,000 in 1953. All the rest was gravy. Then why sell? Easy. The gravy was getting thinner. Last year's attendance (1,308,920) was the lowest since World War II, may be heading lower this year. So is the team,

which at sale time was bumping along 31 games behind and in third place, their worst position in mid-August since 1960. Moreover, the Yanks have always been crowd pleasers because of their legendary heroes. But Mickey Mantle is now 32; he aches in every muscle, and after him, who? Finally, there are those bad neighbors, the Mets, better to sell than be outdrawn by the Mets.

From the CBS channel of view, there were just as many reasons to buy. The \$11.2 million price is small change for a network that cleared \$41 million last year. CBS is already massively committed to sports ventures—it has agreed to pay \$31.8 million to the National Football League in the next two years. Owning a club in the world's biggest market also puts CBS in a stronger position to deal with the pay-TV problem, since the network will be able to control whether the Yankees are seen for free or for pay. In fact, CBS Chairman William S. Paley and President Frank Stanton had been secretly negotiating with the Yanks for more than a year. Last week, they put up the kind of money that, as Topping said, "you just can't walk away from."

Jackie for Mickey? No sooner was the news out than the monopoly and antitrust implications of a network-owned team raised a rumble in Washington. How much power might Club Owner CBS wield in pending business between the TV industry and baseball? Would ownership give CBS an unfair advantage in future bidding for World Series rights? (NBC has them now.) "The effect," said one Government lawyer, "is that CBS is taking over a very rich broadcasting property to the exclusion of everybody else."

At CBS they wondered what all the fuss was about, pointed out that three other clubs (the Detroit Tigers, Los Angeles Angels, Houston Colts) are owned by people with big TV interests. The World Series bidding would be open as before; it would also be foolish to forfeit afternoon and prime evening time for the day-by-day Yankee telecasts, which WPIX Channel 11 has until 1966 anyway. It was just a simple, profit-making business deal. "We're in show business, and this is show business," a CBS executive kept insisting. "I can't see the difference between Mickey Mantle and Jackie Gleason. They're both entertainers."

That novel idea had already dawned brightly in the Yankee locker room. As the actors were packing for a three-game weekend series with the league-leading Orioles in Baltimore, someone's stentorian voice rang out: "Better shake a leg, you guys, or they'll trade you for a bunch of stagehands!" Catcher Elston Howard had an even more interesting thought. "Do you think," he asked, "that Walter Cronkite will replace Yogi?"



"SOVEREIGN" (LEADING) & "KURREVA"
A devil of a job.

SAILING

They're Here

"The British are coming!" cried an alarmist. "We invited them," replied the New York Yacht Club. And sure enough, there they were last week, slicing through the swells of Rhode Island Sound—two of the handsomest, most dangerous twelve-meter yachts to visit U.S. waters. Some time between now and the start of the America's Cup races on Sept. 15, the Royal Thames Yacht Club as challenger will choose either *Sovereign* or *Kurruva V* to wrest away the ugly "auld mug" that has been in U.S. hands ever since the competition started 113 years and 18 fruitless challenges ago.

The last British challenge was in 1958, when *Sceptre* arrived with little testing behind her, went down, 4-0, before the U.S.'s *Columbia*. So bad was the drubbing that Britons sourly nicknamed their boat *Spectre*. But this time, Her Majesty's sailors are going at it U.S.-style: with two new boats, plenty of money, and a series of selection trials every bit as rugged as those for *Constellation*, *American Eagle* and other would-be U.S. defenders.

Double Trouble. All through the months of May and June, *Sovereign* and *Kurruva V* tried their sails against each other in home waters off the Isle of Wight. Now they are off Newport, learning the tricky tides and winds on the 24.3-mile Cup course itself. At the end of the first week, two things seemed obvious: either twelve could give the Yanks trouble—and the Royal Thames is in for a devil of a job deciding which boat that shall be.

After 23 races—19 at home, four off Newport—the blue-hulled *Sovereign* leads the light-green *Kurruva* by only the narrowest 12-11 margin. In the first of last week's races, sailed in a



TOPPING & PALEY
A taste for gravy.

steady twelve-knot wind, *Sovereign* breezed home ahead by a quarter of a mile, showing superior speed to windward, where most yacht races are won. But next day, with the wind up to 20 knots, *Kurrewa* seemed to have it in the bag until a clew pulled out of the jib, and her crew took a horrendous six minutes clearing the mess. *Sovereign* won her third straight race when *Kurrewa* lost 65 seconds by being recalled for a premature start. Then it was *Sovereign's* turn to humber. Holding a neat five-length lead with only three miles to go in a rough, whitecapped sea, *Sovereign* spilled one of her foredeck men overboard. *Kurrewa* took the lead while *Sovereign* went fishing, poured back wind into *Sovereign's* sails the rest of the way, and won by 40 seconds.

The Twins. If there is little difference in the win-loss records of the two boats, there is even less in their design. Both were drawn by Scotland's David Boyd, 61, whose first twelve was *Sceptre*, and who is now a sadder but wiser man. Their hulls are the product of months of tank tests, are virtually identical.

Where the contrast is sharp is in the crews. *Sovereign* Owner Tony Boyden, 36, a multimillionaire industrialist who is pouring \$300,000 into his Cup project, believes previous British challengers have foundered on lack of disciplined training. Boyden included a couple of rugby players on his eleven-man crew for added muscle, gets everyone up at 6 a.m. every day for calisthenics, insists on "the finest, fittest crew that ever put to sea in a twelve-meter." His skipper is Peter Scott, 54, a balding, stocky jack-of-all-outdoors, who is one of Britain's leading ornithologists as well as one of its top glider pilots and sailors. Calm and analytical, he is known as a sharp tactician and a man who brooks no nonsense from his crew.

Kurrewa, on the other hand, is a much more relaxed venture. The boat is jointly owned by Australian Stockbreeders Frank and John Livingston and English Tile Manufacturer Owen Aisher, 64, who manages the crew. Aisher scoffs at organized physical training, believes in a bare minimum of ordering about. At the helm, he has Colonel R.S.G. (Stung) Perry, 55, a career army officer with a long record of blue-water sailing in Britain. His forte is getting the start, and his tactics are more aggressive than Scott's.

Both men handle their twelves well by U.S. or any other standards. But last week *Sovereign's* crew was the quicker in bringing their boat about, averaging seven seconds to *Kurrewa's* ten. *Sovereign's* royal blue also sparkled on several shipshape jibs. If *Sovereign* does have an edge—and there are likely a dozen trial races to go—it may lie in Helmsman Scott's more studious temperament, which seems to lead him to a better choice of sails, as well as less reluctance to change them if the winds prove him wrong.

MILESTONES

Born. To Harold Robbins, 48, best-selling author of paperback panty raids (*The Carpetbaggers*), and Grace Robbins, forty-six, his third or possibly his fourth wife ("It doesn't make any difference," he says); their first child, a daughter; in Cannes, France.

Married. Cassius Clay, 22, otherwise known as Muhammad Ali, the Black Muslim's most prominent disciple, in real life the strongest, quickest, most b-e-e-o-o-o-ful, and certainly the most hilarious heavyweight champion boxing has ever known; and Sonji Roy, 22, Chicago model; in Gary, Ind.

Married. Anne Bancroft, 32, Broadway and Hollywood's *Miracle Worker*; and Mel Brooks, 38, TV comedy writer (*Sid Caesar Show*); both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Married. Grayce Breene Kerr, 63, widow and a principal heir of Oklahoma's wealthy Democratic Senator (worth approximately \$35 million at his death in 1963); and Olney Flynn, 69, onetime mayor of Tulsa, another wealthy oilman; both for the second time; in Minneapolis.

Died. Murray Pease, 60, conservator of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum, one of the world's top art detectives who, armed with infrared film and chemical analysis, waged war against forgeries, in 1945 proved that Andrea Mantegna's signature on the museum's *Meditation on the Passion* had been painted over that of a lesser-known Renaissance master, Vittore Carpaccio (the museum did not mind: it had three Mantegnas but no Carpaccios, which are almost as valuable); of a heart attack; in Southold, N.Y.

Died. Leopold Mannes, 64, co-inventor of Kodachrome film, a concert pianist who, with Fellow Musician Leopold Godowsky, spent his free hours trying to develop a high-quality, easy-to-use color film, after 20 years of experimenting came up with the first three-color transparency in 1935, an invention they sold to Eastman Kodak, thereby ushering in photography's golden era; of a stroke; in Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Died. Ernest Martin ("Hoppy") Hopkins, 86, longtime president of Dartmouth College (1916-45), who took the Hanover, N.H., institution out of its intellectual backwater with such Ivy League innovations as tutorials, a liberal curriculum, and a hefty endowment (up from \$4,000,000 to \$20 million), while charming undergraduates by damning Prohibition, awarding unlimited cuts from lectures, and establishing a stalwart football team; after a long illness; in Manset, Me.

Ergonomics

is not a word that we coined, nor is it an idea that we originated. But it represents a philosophy that we believe in, a philosophy that prevails throughout our company.

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- municipal bonds
- corporate bonds
- underwriting
- acquisition and distribution of sizable blocks
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Its brevity will make it possible for us to use it in all media from product identification to packaging to advertising.

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United States Rubber Company, New York, N.Y.

U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Economy's DEW Line

The U.S. economy is behaving so well that no one seems to worry any more about the possibility of misbehavior. Even professionally pessimistic economists see no storms ahead. How can they be so sure?

The National Bureau of Economic Research every week receives a mass of suggestions from citizens about how to predict the course of the economy: by aspirin sales, race-track betting, blue-print production, employment of temporary office help. Some of the suggestions actually make sense, but they are like so many popguns in the economic forecaster's arsenal. The nation's econ-

not recessionary in themselves. The chief harbingers:

- ▶ A shift in the money supply. According to the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman, all modern recessions have followed significant declines in the growth of the money supply in pocket-books and bank deposits. In each case, says Friedman, the warning lead time has been at least nine months.
- ▶ Size of industrial inventories as compared with sales. Overstocking was a big factor in the 1958 recession, but nowadays computers are used to keep inventories in closer balance with orders.
- ▶ Profit margins. The percentage of corporate profits to sales typically levels off or declines long before a recession sets in, and any steady decline even-

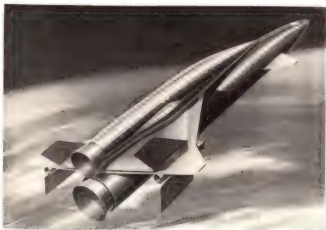
CORPORATIONS

Successful Flights of Fancy

The hopes of California's Lockheed Aircraft Corp. seemed to crash in 1959 with its ill-starred Electra turboprop airliners, which eventually cost \$25 million to modify and were largely responsible for driving the company \$43 million into the red in 1960. Many wrote Lockheed off after this debacle, but the company had some ideas of its own. In an industry made cautious by military cutbacks, huge development costs and quick obsolescence, it has moved ahead with such exotic projects as the U-2, the 2,000-m.p.h. A-11 interceptor, and the still-secret RS-71 world-spanning reconnaissance plane. Lockheed



JOHNSON



LOCKHEED'S ROCKET PLANE
An \$11,700 round trip.



GROSS

omists, for roughly the same reason as the U.S. Air Force, have developed their own DEW-line warning system to spot trouble on the horizon.

The Harbingers. Among the standard warning signs that economists rely on are such Government "leading indicators" as housing starts, job layoffs, business failures, new orders of durable goods, construction contracts and stock prices. But these indicators proved wrong in 1962, leading economists into a false recession scare. Often, such warning signals also come too late for the Government and businessmen to have a chance to cushion the fall, or perhaps avert it entirely. Figures on industrial production and personal income, for example, only confirm what has already happened.

Ideally, the economists want to spot a zig or a zag in the graphs that may mark the beginning of a trend. They now recognize that there are a few such signs that indicate an impending recession well in advance of an actual downturn. Like the blips on a DEW-line monitor, these signals are only warnings of impending crisis: they are

usually leads to a curtailment of expansion plans and production.

- ▶ Reduction in the average number of hours the industrial laborer works per week. This may indicate a slackening of production months before any point of severe layoffs or cutbacks.

Just in Case. None of these indicators are new. But economists believe that they have achieved a new sophistication in trend spotting. Using computers, the forecasters have reduced the time lag for most information-gathering from six months to two. And they are surer of what the information means, thanks to better reporting and more experience in analysis.

Right now, all the important indicators continue to hold steady or point upward. The money supply and profits keep climbing, and inventories are being held well under control. The average work week remains steady. Last week the steel and construction industries predicted record years. For the present, the nation's watchful economists can find nothing to worry about, but they know that constant vigilance is the price of prosperity.

has not only earned a reputation as the most imaginative of the aerospace firms, but has translated its flights of fancy into highly successful products. Result: it has surged to the top of the aerospace industry, with sales of \$1.93 billion in 1963.

Flair Under the Sea. Last week, giving further evidence of its imagination, Lockheed revealed plans for a bullet-shaped, delta-winged rocket plane that by 1975 may be carrying ten passengers and a crew of two on regular trips between earth and an orbiting space station. Like the U-2, the A-11 and the RS-71, the rocket plane is being developed in Lockheed's famous "Skunk Works," presided over by Clarence ("Kelly") Johnson, the company's engineering genius.

To demonstrate that it is already well beyond the dream stage, Lockheed conscientiously came up with a projected round-trip fare of \$11,700 per passenger. This figure is based on anticipated development, hardware and maintenance costs, the number of passengers to be carried and amortization over the 500-trip life of the craft—but



SQUIRMING IRMA IN TESTS

does not include any inflation between now and 1975.

Not confined to the air, Lockheed's flair is currently being applied to projects on land and under the sea. Pushed to spread out and diversify by Chairman Courtlandt Gross, company engineers are building a \$12 million dam in Wyoming, have developed a monorail system to relieve weary pedestrians at large airports and shopping centers, and are designing shipping containers that can be used interchangeably in truck, rail, sea and air transport. Lockheed is also working on a 300-ton hydrofoil vessel for the Navy, designing a shell-shaped undersea workboat that will carry a crew around the ocean floor in search of oil and minerals, and perfecting an emergency system that will use solid-propellant gas generators to expel water from a disabled submarine's ballast tanks, enabling it to surface rapidly.

Old Standbys. Despite this wide diversification, more than half of Lockheed's revenues and most of its best prospects still come from aircraft. The C-141 Starlifter, a big new military jet-cargo plane, is now being delivered, should haul back a handsome return. Lockheed is competing with Boeing for the supersonic transport contract, which could mean as much as \$8 billion to the winner over a 20-year period, and has interested the Army in a compound helicopter that uses rotors for vertical movement, jets for horizontal flight. Meanwhile Lockheed is enjoying continuing profits from such old standbys as the Polaris missile and the F-104 Starfighter. It has even converted its greatest liability into an asset: deliveries to the Navy of the P-3A patrol plane, actually a redesigned Electra, are bringing Lockheed an estimated \$100 million a year.



STUDENTS USING LANGUAGE LAB
From chalk to flagpole paint.

INDUSTRY

Billions for Johnny

While the kids are still out on summer vacation, class is very much in session for the industry that supplies equipment and materials for the nation's schools. This month elementary and secondary schools will take delivery of 47% of their new supplies for the fall term, from scratchless chalk to luminous flagpole paint. During the coming year, the nation's 31,000 public school districts—not counting colleges or private schools—are expected to spend a record \$1.7 billion for school equipment and supplies.

Sharing this market are 2,000 U.S. school-supply firms. They include not only the oldtime school-supply specialists such as Rand McNally (maps) and Milton Bradley (art materials), but such prestigious newcomers as Thompson Ramo Wooldridge (language laboratories) and IBM (class scheduling). Their market is enormous: 41,500,000 elementary and secondary students, each of whom this year will need about \$16 worth of pencils, papers, erasers and teaching materials.

Whittle-Proof Desks. Though the main reason for the industry's growth has been the population explosion, new approaches to education also have a lot to do with it. Today's students are taught by advanced methods, served by an array of sophisticated products. At Fontana, Calif., this fall, fifth and sixth graders will watch pre-taped lessons on marine biology on closed-circuit classroom TV screens. Another new departure is a device that permits instant testing of student comprehension by having the students push response buttons after lectures.

Also growing in popularity are transistorized learning labs in which students plug in earphones and hear pre-programmed lessons. When it comes to the basics, the ballpoint pen has just about done away with the inkwell, desks and chairs are increasingly light, mod-

ern and movable—and made of plastic so tough that the kids can't whittle their initials into them.

The biggest of the nation's more than 40 school-furniture makers is American Seating, whose sales this year will reach \$50 million. Like many of its competitors, the firm tries to pioneer new trends. American Seating maintains elaborate research facilities where desks are tested by being banged with weights, chairs tilted back endlessly on two legs (40,000 tilts exhaust the life span of the average school-desk chair). Its research star is "Squirming Irma," a manikin that swivel-hips for thousands of hours in its seat in imitation of a fidgeting teen-ager.

Into College. Since most school equipment buying is done on a bid basis, the industry suffers from price cutting that sometimes clips quality as well. It is also becoming an overcrowded industry in a relatively inelastic market; for the next three years the annual primary and secondary school population increase will be only about 1.7%.

But college enrollment is expected to expand by nearly 8% this year alone. Furthermore, there is talk of year-round school and more interest in adult education—both of which would require additional equipment. The continuing demands of the space age are shifting emphasis even further to the upper levels, where the students need ever more sophisticated equipment as well as the basics—desks, chairs, supplies—that are the ABCs of the industry.

TECHNOLOGY

Figures in a Flash

To cope with the staggering information explosion in both business and government, a whole new electronic technology is fast developing that can store, catalogue and recall facts and figures in a pushbutton flash. Among the more sophisticated "information-retrieval" sys-



FILING BY TELEVISION
From screen to woman's voice.

tems. Stromberg-Carlson has produced its 4020, Eastman Kodak its Recordak Miracode, RCA its 3488 and IBM its Walnut, which is used by the Central Intelligence Agency. Last week California's Ampex Corp. introduced the latest retrieval machine, a completely automated microfilming system that allows the searcher to edit his material as he selects it.

Ampex's Videofile system condenses bulky file folders to tiny reels of television magnetic tape, enabling 250,000 document pages to be stored on a 14-in. reel. At the push of a button, from any number of locations and at great distances, Videofile's computer automatically locates the individual file-on-film, then reproduces it as pictures on a TV screen or as printed copies—all in less than a minute. The operator can scan the TV screening of the file, get printed copies of only what portions he needs. More important, says Ampex, individual file entries can for the first time be replaced, relocated or deleted without replacing the entire section of the file. Cost: \$200,000 to \$1,000,000, depending on the size of the filing operation needed.

Videofile will be the component for other systems that Ampex intends to design specifically for banks, hospitals, insurance firms and other industries. The market for such retrieval systems is \$23 million this year, but Ampex expects it to grow to \$1.5 billion within the next decade. As the nation's paper work piles up, the machines are bound to become even more sophisticated. IBM's 7770 system not only taps millions of business facts stored in a computer but talks back to the information seeker with a 126-word vocabulary. Its recorded voice is sometimes that of a woman, but it is all business.

AUTOS

Clearing the Air

Everyone in California seems to talk about smog, but no one has been able to do much about it—until recently. Aware that the eye-irritating, lung-smothering fumes are caused largely by the tail pipe exhaust from the state's exploding auto population of 7,200,000, legislators passed a law requiring all new cars to be equipped with a state-approved exhaust control system by the beginning of the 1966 model year. Four independent manufacturers rushed in to capture the potentially huge market, spent some \$20 million to develop their own antismog devices, got state approval for all of them. Last week they suffered a severe setback, while California drivers got good news.

General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors announced that they will modify the engines of 96% of all cars they deliver to California for the 1966 model year, hoping to eliminate as much as 90% of smog-producing exhaust hydrocarbons. The antismog

systems developed by the independents oxidize exhaust gases in a muffler "after-burner" and would have cost motorists between \$80 and \$120 installed. Detroit's system oxidizes the exhaust hydrocarbons before they leave the engine, will add only between \$10 and \$35 to the customer's auto cost and practically eliminate the independents' devices from the lucrative 700,000-a-year California new-car market.

Growing pressure in several states for similar antismog legislation may eventually move Detroit to put the devices in all of its new cars, or at least offer them as regular optional equipment. But the independents, who gambled that Detroit would not bother developing its own system, may yet recoup their development costs. By 1967, when state law will require installation of exhaust control devices on older cars, there will be 10 million used cars on California's highways.

to an impressive array of factors. They cite rising crime rates, more auto accidents and higher costs for repairs and medical care; repairing a new Chevrolet's dented rear fender, which cost \$16.85 twenty years ago, now costs \$149.75. Dishonest and fraudulent claims have risen steadily, and juries seem as quick to give out generous awards as state insurance commissions are slow to allow rate increases. As if all these troubles were not enough, the industry has contributed to its dilemma by engaging in a ruinous rate war.

In an effort to ensure better profits, the casualty firms have tried to cut their costs by installing computers and setting up drive-in claims offices for on-the-spot settlement designed to eliminate expensive paper work. Sears Roebuck's Allstate, which pioneered many of the innovations, now has 375 such offices. The industry has donated driver-training equipment to many high schools



ALLSTATE ADJUSTER IN DRIVE-IN CLAIM STATION
From rising crime to generous juries.

INSURANCE

Casualties Ahead

Practically every American carries some casualty insurance to protect him against damages—and 600 of the 4,800 U.S. insurance companies sell it. As it turns out, those firms could use some casualty insurance themselves. While the rest of the \$40 billion insurance industry is prospering, most property-casualty companies are losing money on their insurance operations. Several major companies have recently reported losses or decreases in earnings, and last week Chicago's Continental Casualty Co., one of the industry's giants, announced that its first-half underwriting losses reached \$17.6 million. Continental admitted that its small net profit of \$372,400 had been made possible only because of an increase in income from its investments.

Insurance men attribute their woes

to help slow the rising auto-accident rate and has begun tailoring its policies more closely to fit the risk. Insurance commissions have been besieged by companies seeking rate increases: fortnight ago, New York granted a long-awaited 4% to 25% increase in its auto insurance rates.

Despite these efforts, the casualty insurance industry remains on shaky ground. "Investment has saved the bacon for everybody," says James Kemper Jr., president of Chicago's Kemper Insurance group. "If we were in the investment climate of the 1950s or had a market break like 1962's, a lot of us would be in trouble." Kemper has taken over three faltering casualty companies in the past 15 months because he believes that there is strength in consolidation, but he makes a gloomy prognosis: increasing casualties among the casualty companies.

WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

What Not to Do When Going to Europe

For reasons of both profit and prestige, U.S. companies find Western Europe increasingly attractive as a place to do business. Since 1958 their investment in European ventures has more than doubled, from \$4.6 billion to an estimated \$9.6 billion last year—and it is still rising fast. Obviously, the ocean crossing has been largely successful, or American firms would not be so anxious to make the trip. But too often, both Europeans and Americans in Europe agree, U.S. businessmen step onto Europe on the wrong foot, making costly blunders that are usually avoidable.

Some mistakes, of course, stem only

posed of individual nations and sections that have widely different tastes and buying idiosyncrasies. Says Belgium's Marcel de Meirleir, a plant-location expert: "Americans just don't understand that, for instance, Rotterdam and Antwerp are commercially not just two different cities—they're different worlds."

So are the U.S. and Europe, and the American businessman who wants his company to make a smooth transition between the two should remember a few basic but frequently ignored cautions about investment in Europe:

► Don't rush in. Though prosperous and expanding, Europe is no pushover market. Most Europeans feel that American firms do not sufficiently study their potential market, location and labor force beforehand. Too often

the resignation of many experienced European executives. IBM recently put Denmark under the area run by its German representative—though many Danes, remembering World War II, still harbor a deep dislike of Germans. ► Don't insist, as a rule, on setting up a wholly owned subsidiary right away. A local partner can smooth the start-up and lessen the risk while the U.S. company retains controlling interest.

► Don't assign men to Europe who are inexperienced in European business, or transfer them out of a country as fast as they learn their way around. Some French businessmen refer to the U.S. practice of shifting executives from job to job and country to country as *la valise des directeurs*.

► Don't be inflexibly devoted to a system just because it worked elsewhere. Going into France, one U.S. soft-drink company fell flat at the start when it tried to use the same plan of operation that it used in underdeveloped countries—even including spending plans, sales goals and advertising ideas. Campbell Soup saved itself a lot of grief by discovering, before it set up any plants, that Italians could not provide the tomatoes of uniform quality that it insists on; it withdrew.

► Don't try to change the ways of European workers overnight. When John Deere took over a German-owned company in Mannheim, it decided to save time by sending carts along the production line for the morning beer break. But workers liked the chummy atmosphere of the old canteens, went on an eleven-day strike until Deere gave in.

Americans are not alone in the mistakes they make: European firms often err themselves when they move into another European country. And Europeans concede from hard experience that American businessmen are by no means innocents abroad. "U.S. business methods are often the best there are," says Michael Grunelius, Paris-based specialist in placing corporate executives. "But these methods have to be changed to accommodate local conditions." Increasingly, U.S. companies find the rich European market, for all its problems, worth a try. Since 1958, more than 2,100 U.S. companies have started new operations or licensed the manufacture of their products in Western Europe. Only a handful have failed.

EASTERN EUROPE

Through the Curtain Under the Counter

Behind bars in Trieste last week, unable to pay fines of \$31,000 each, sat two Viennese truck drivers. Their crime: trying to take coffee labeled as fertilizer into Communist Yugoslavia. The two had been engaged in what has become one of the Continent's most lucrative enterprises. The gradual cas-



BEER CART AT JOHN DEERE'S MANNHEIM PLANT
The workers preferred the old canteen.

from the inevitable irritations of clashing cultures. It may be an American's abrasive first-name greeting or a sledgehammer sales pitch to a more reserved European manager. It may be the way some businessmen and their families live abroad, spending money ostentatiously, not bothering to learn the language and clustering in Yankee communities. Or it could be Yankee cockiness. "Americans tend to overestimate their abilities," says a German executive for a U.S. subsidiary. "Consciously or unconsciously, they tend to ignore the different mentality of Europeans and force the American way of thinking on people under their authority."

The most serious mistake that U.S. businessmen fall into is their habit of regarding Western Europe as a 51st state, forgetting that a product or business technique that goes over big in Memphis will not necessarily succeed in Munich. The Common Market notwithstanding, Western Europe is still com-


they send over flying squads of vice presidents without serious preparation to make a crash decision in a matter of days. With time for only a ledger-eye view, they often wind up either buying nothing or buying unwisely. When the Monsanto Co. recently decided to set up a plant in a Luxembourg town, it discovered too late that the town has acute shortages of both water and labor—but the plant is under construction.

► Don't be top-heavy with U.S. brass. Local lawyers and accountants should be hired to run interference in dealing with the tangle of tax laws and bureaucratic red tape. In Rome, for example, only an Italian could have a feel for the legendary way of doing business known as *arrangiarsi*—roughly, arranging things to one's best advantage.

► Don't treat subsidiaries as if they were divisions, always dictating from the home office and ignoring the advice of local managers. This delays the decision-making process, has brought on



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ing of visa restrictions in Eastern Europe, coupled with continuing, bleak shortages under Communism, has set off an unprecedented boom in West-to-East smuggling.

The underground trade has become a significant adjunct to the \$3 billion-a-year above-board trade between free and Red Europe. Austria's Interior Minister Franz Olah, whose country ranks as the No. 1 clandestine exporter, recently pleaded with his countrymen to respect the satellites' customs and currency regulations. Since April, 20 Austrians have been arrested in Czechoslovakia on smuggling charges. A Czech court convicted one Austrian couple and an accomplice of making 49 visits to Czechoslovakia to cart in, among other items, 256 nylon coats, 39 transistor radios, 42 pairs of stockings and 22 lbs. of chocolate.

Some of the trade is also two-way: many Westerners buy up dirt-cheap satellite currency at home and smuggle it into the East to buy the satellites' few quality products, such as Hungarian salami or Prague glassware, then take them back West. But the more standard practice is for travelers from Eastern Europe to finance their trips by bringing back Western goods. Nylons from the U.S. will bring \$5 or \$6 in Warsaw. Professional Polish operators regularly swing far bigger deals. Gangs travel two or three times a week to the Baltic port of Gdynia, where they buy up to 100,000 ballpoint pen refills at a time from returning seamen and resell them at a profit of 300% to 400%. Similar trade flourishes in nylon blouses, sweaters, cigarettes, perfume, cosmetics, sunglasses and zippers. If the risks are high, so are the rewards: some smuggling sailors eventually retire with houses, cars and TV sets.

Communist officials have made motions to discourage the clandestine commerce. The number of Polish custom guards has been trebled, and Czech police now even dismantle entire auto-

mobiles. But it is obvious that the Red regimes do not care too much so long as a citizen does not make a career out of contraband. The maximum prison term for smuggling is 15 years, but violators rarely get anywhere near that much. Smuggling, after all, relieves some of the growing pressures in Eastern Europe for more and better consumer goods, which the satellite economies so far have proved almost incapable of providing.

WEST GERMANY

Love Those Rails

As vacationing West Germans flocked to and from their cities last week, 150 extra trains rolled across the country between the Baltic coast and the Alps. Although Germany has one of the highest automobile densities in Europe—one car for every eight people—travel still means trains. And trains in Germany mean Deutsche Bundesbahn, the federal railway whose reasonable fares, remarkable luxury and religiously on-time operation make it a favorite of the German people. With 19,000 track miles, the Bundesbahn is not only one of the West's largest railway systems—it was put together in 1920 from a dozen-old separate lines—but one of its finest.

Arrow with Amenities. One reason for its reputation is the \$750 million—or 23% of its \$3.2 billion revenue—that the Bundesbahn pours each year into modernizing its tracks, trains and service. Its 9,000 electric and diesel locomotives glide in jolt-free quiet over continuously welded tracks. Its 100-m.p.h., all-first-class superexpresses, like the Dortmund-Munich *Rheinpfad* (Rhine Arrow), offer such amenities as a four-course dinner for less than \$2.50, worldwide telephone service, and multilingual secretaries at \$1.50 an hour. There is even a female *Silberputzer* (silver cleaner) to keep chrome polished and to dust the aisles. On regular expresses, second-class passengers can

count on spotlessly clean cars and hot meals in a diner. Last year 20,000 motorists stowed both themselves and their autos aboard overnight trains, slept their way to their destinations. No wonder the railroad hauls 45% of Germany's intercity passengers (v. 3% in the U.S.) and that a recent poll found that 53% of all Germans prefer trains to planes (28%) or autos (15%) for long trips.

Despite such popular performance, the railroad suffered a \$100 million deficit last year. The proud boss of the Bundesbahn's 470,000 employees, President Heinz Maria Oefftering, 60, a Munich-born onetime law professor, blames the loss not on the expensive extra service but on the "wholly extraneous expenditures" that the government makes the railroad bear. Although its long-haul passenger trains make money and lucrative freight accounts form 60% of its revenues, the Bundesbahn has to carry such privileged patrons as commuters, students, workers and war veterans at government-dictated cut rates (up to 96% off). An even greater drain is its welfare costs: 40% of salaries for pensions v. a German norm of 18% to 22%. Despite the Bundesbahn's \$250 million-a-year government subsidy, Oefftering argues: "It's not the federal government that subsidizes the railways; it's the federal railways that subsidize the government."

Model in the Yard. In a drive to get his railroad out of the red, Oefftering last week was preparing a plan to pare its welfare load, revamp its crazy-quilt fare structure, and get fresh government capital to retire its debt, which costs \$130 million a year in interest. His plan will probably be derailed by Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's administration, but Oefftering hopes to gain at least some mileage. Battling to make the state road run more like private industry, he relaxes from his work in the basement of his modest Frankfurt home, where he has set up a giant model railroad. This one Oefftering runs just the way he likes.

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CINEMA

A Radiance

Girl with Green Eyes. She looks, at a glance, like somebody's stenographer. Ski-jump nose, ratty hair, teeth a bit askew. But a fuller inspection finds something special in the face, a radiance. The eyes have it. They are large, the eyes of a night animal. They shine in a night of their own like stars in a dark pool.

The eyes are the eyes of Rita Tushingham, the 22-year-old daughter of a Liverpool grocer who in her first screen role, the pregnant tomboy in *A Taste of Honey* (1962), played like an adolescent Duse but seemed almost too good to be true. In this picture she demonstrates beyond doubt that she is no one-time wonder. She is a woman to the camera born, a magnificent nat-



TUSHINGHAM IN "GREEN EYES"
To the camera born.

ural actress with a face of inexhaustible expressiveness, the face of an English Gineconda.

She is cast here, however, as an Irish colleen, still in her teens and fresh off the farm, who falls in love with a man (Peter Finch) more than twice her age, a writer of sorts who lives on Dublin Mountain alone and seems to like it. But he likes Kate too, and he meets her for tea. "Young girls fill me with sadness," he tells her with a little sigh. "They want so much." Kate wants everything life and love have to offer, and one night she decides she has waited long enough. "Kate, you soft wild girl," he murmurs, shaking her gently, "what are you doing in my bed?"

Nothing the first time—she's afraid she might go to hell. But a few weeks later she comes to live with him. "With this ring," he says fondly but cautiously, "I thee bed and board." But bed and board are not enough for Kate. She is jealous of his work, of his friends, of his wife—who has filed for divorce in America but seems inclined to forget it. Her moods at first amuse but at last infuriate him. They quarrel. She runs

away, sure he will follow and take her back. He doesn't.

And that's all there is to it: an affair pretty much like any other affair. But in his first feature film Director Desmond Davis, a top-tick cameraman who shot *Tom Jones* and *A Taste of Honey* for Tony Richardson, has transformed a rather banal business into skillful cinema of sensibility, a warm and witty examination of a young girl changing painfully from a big child into a little woman.

Davis shows talent as a composer—his picture fits along in an allegro of lively little scenes. And he shows range and spirit as a humorist—some of the bedroom bits are shy but sly, and the house comes down when Kate, playing the woman of the world with a cigarette she can't quite get the hang of, drops it down her cleavage and has to be royally sloshed with the nearest pot of milk.

Most of all, Davis shows tact and imagination as an adviser of actors. He spurs the phlegmatic Finch to a thoughtful portrait of the middle-aged man attempting simultaneously to play papa and pitch woo. And he gentles the excitable Tushingham into a performance of wonderful precision and variety.

One instant she is a charming young woman, the next she is a snotty little brat. She can be soulful as a seraph and coarse as a muckman's missus. She can be funny, earnest, innocent, cunning, anxious, brassy, cute and cruel all at once. "I just let the character take me over," she says, but there is more to it than that. When the character takes Rita over, Rita takes the picture over, and at that point Finch and the rest of the cast just seem to fade away. To share a screen with Rita, when Rita catches fire, is to hold a farthing candle to the sun.

In a Great Big Sandbox

Station Six-Sahara. Not again. Not a re-re-release of that steamy old *Lustspiel* about several hairy males marooned in an outpost with Jean Harlow. No, this time it's different. This time several hairy males are marooned in an outpost with Carroll Baker. But never mind. Carroll doesn't turn up till the show's almost half over, and till she does it's pretty interesting.

The show is interesting principally as a play of personalities, a study of men among men. Four figures dominate the action.

Peter Van Eyck, a big blond German who looks like the Sportsplast sculpture of Superman, plays the chief engineer of an isolated oil-pumping station somewhere in the northern Sahara: a tyrannical infant with an infantile solution to the problem of suffering—he gives pain to other people and keeps pleasure for himself.

Denholm Elliott, a thin-lipped Briton

who looks like Eastcheap trying hard to be Eton, plays the engineer's assistant: a natural victim who doesn't really know he's alive unless he's being tortured.

Jörg Felmy, a lumpish German who looks like an intelligent potato, plays the new man at the post; a decent but determined adult who knows what he wants, how to get it, and how to say no when he has had enough.

Ian Bannen, a haggard Celt who looks like Jason Robards on the morning after, plays the company clown: a come-day-go-day-God-send-payday type who always says what he thinks but seldom thinks before he says it.

So there they are. Grown men playing in the world's biggest sandbox and wondering how on God's green earth they got there. They bicker, they drink, they gamble, they bicker. By day the



BAKER & VAN EYCK IN "SAHARA"
One chicken and many wolves.

sun, by night frustration fries them. As the womanless weeks go by, they turn into wild-eyed wolves who would tear each other to pieces for a fresh young chicken.

Dinner, alas, is served—feathers and all. Carroll swoops down on Station Six like a *den ex machina*: a *den* wearing ermine and riding in a 1958 *machina* called a Mercury. All this in the central Sahara, mind, and no explanations offered. The spectator can only assume that the lady came to the wrong oasis—she was looking, maybe, for the one on Sunset Strip?

At any rate, she soon convinces the customers that they came to the wrong picture. To satisfy her role Actress Baker would have to look sexy; she doesn't. To match the men she would have to act; she can't. But then Garbo herself couldn't save this film from its script, which after Carroll's arrival takes one trite turn after another. And that's a shame. Before *Sahara* lapses into sex it really has sand.

BOOKS

Coup de Grasse

DECISION AT THE CHESAPEAKE by Harold A. Larrabee. 317 pages. Clarkson N. Potter, \$5.

At the time, no one grasped what had happened on that September day in 1781. George III called it "a drawn battle." To Rear Admiral Thomas Graves, who flubbed the encounter, it was "a lively skirmish"; to his second in command, Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Hood, "a feeble action"; to George Washington, its greatest beneficiary, "a partial engagement." There is not even agreement on its name. Says Author Larrabee: "You will find it called the Battle of the Chesapeake, of Chesapeake Bay, of Lynnhaven Bay, of Cape Henry, and of the Capes of Virginia." To this day not many Americans have heard of

upon which everything turned." The British had that superiority, at least on paper. But the Royal Navy was rotten at the core. Its political admirals, mercilessly vignetted by Larrabee, were boneheads or worse.

The principal architect of defeat, suggests Larrabee, is the man who wasn't there: Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney. A gambler, always in debt, he had enough ships in the West Indies in 1781 to retain command of the western Atlantic. But first he went off on an orgy of legalized piracy to seize and loot the rich little Dutch colony of St. Eustatius. Then, complaining that he was suffering from "the gout and the gravel," he sailed back to England in the luxury of one of his biggest ships.

Hide & Seek. Rodney had misjudged both the skill and the intentions of an adversary who had just reached the In-

he fell under the command of Thomas Graves, who happened to be his senior.

Belatedly, the combined Graves-Hood fleet of 19 ships of the line looked into the mouth of the Chesapeake on the morning of Sept. 5, 1781, and saw there a forest of masts. They were De Grasse's. Though outnumbered and outgunned by the 24 French ships, the British still had a huge advantage: they had sea room in which to maneuver and a fair wind.

Graves's Minuet. De Grasse had to weigh anchor hurriedly and beat out through a pass then only three miles wide. If Graves had been a Drake or a Nelson, he would have swooped in close and raked each French ship in turn, "crossing the T" as their line came out. But Graves obeyed the admiralty's standing orders. As though in a minuet, he gave De Grasse time and room to get his ships out in the open, then ponderously moved to engage them, ship by ship. Even worse, he simultaneously flew two signals giving contradictory orders for maneuvering.

After little more than three hours of smoky but unspectacular gunnery, the fleets drifted apart. No ship on either side had been sunk, though three of the British had been badly damaged and one was later scuttled. Casualties were moderate and remarkably equal. But the French sailed back into the Chesapeake and held it.

For Cornwallis, cut off from all hope of relief, the battle proved the *coup de Grasse*. Six weeks later, he surrendered. Today, Larrabee notes, there are few memorials of American gratitude to De Grasse: it took 100 years to raise a statue of the Frenchman at Yorktown. The British, on the other hand, gave a peerage and a fat pension to Graves. After all, he had lost no battle, no ships—"he had merely lost America."

Fenstermaker for President

THE GAY PLACE by William Brammer. 462 pages. Crest, 95c.

William Brammer's *The Gay Place* first appeared in 1961, and Lyndon Johnson was not amused by the politicking, manipulation, conniving chief character who was all too plainly modeled after himself. He told Bill Brammer, 35—a sometime speechwriter for Johnson when he was a Senator—that the book was not worth reading. Now that the novel is out in paperback, the President might take another look at it. It is a lampoon on Texas politics, but the book's L.B.J. character, Governor Arthur Fenstermaker, is warmly portrayed. Fenstermaker is a little cruder than the real-life Lyndon, maybe kinder; and he stands head, shoulders and ten-gallon hat above all the other heroes of the current political fiction.

It takes an uncommonly big man to run a state like Texas, or "Coonass country," as the Governor calls its rural hinterland. Fenstermaker goes with the job as red beans go with fatback. His



BATTLE OF THE VIRGINIA CAPES*

The British muffed it, the French misunderstood, the Americans weren't even there.

it. Yet the Battle of the Virginia Capes, as it is officially called by the U.S. Office of Naval History, was one of the decisive engagements in the history of warfare. It determined the outcome of the American Revolution.

Harold Larrabee, 69, who has taken to history since retirement from teaching philosophy, has a logical explanation for its obscurity. "Everyone concerned," he points out, "had motives for wanting to forget it. The British did not want to call to mind their egregious blunders. Only seven months later the French admiral who defeated them was thought to have disgraced himself. Americans have been understandably reluctant to face up to the fact that their status as a nation was decided by an engagement at which no Americans were present."

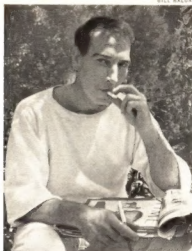
"The Pivot." The battle lines for the Capes were sketched while George Washington was encamped in the Hudson Valley in even drier distress than at Valley Forge. Lord Cornwallis had taken Charleston and was moving up to fortify Yorktown.

As Washington recognized in 1780, command of the sea "was the pivot

dies: François Joseph Paul, Comte de Grasse, Louis XVI's "lieutenant general of the naval army" (equivalent to rear admiral). De Grasse, who stood 6 ft. 2 in. and looked 6 ft. 6 in. on days of battle, had prepared for his finest hour by getting captured by the British when he was 25. From Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau went a stream of messages to De Grasse, urging him to assert Franco-American naval supremacy somewhere along the coast. Washington favored New York, to clip General Clinton; Rochambeau favored the Chesapeake, to complete the investment of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

It fell to Rear Admiral Hood, as Rodney's successor, to block De Grasse. But the Frenchman daringly took his fleet the long way around, through the treacherous Bahama channels, on his way to the Chesapeake. Hood sailed a shorter rhumb-line course, missed De Grasse, saw nothing amiss at the Chesapeake and went on to New York. There

* In Theodore Gudin's painting, De Grasse's flagship (center) fires at British man-of-war (right).



NOVELIST BRAMMER

The boss should read it again.

instincts are generous, his vision broad, even if his political methods are not exactly taught in civics class. To ram a school bill through his ornery legislature takes all the wiles of a sagebrush Machiavelli.

First, after picking a not-too-friendly legislator to manage the bill on the floor, Fenstermaker wears him down with Bible-belted hectoring: "World's cavin' in all round us; rocket ships blasin' off to the moon; poisonous gas in our environment; sinful goddam nation laden with iniquity, offspring of evildoers. My princes are rebels and companions of thieves." Next Fenstermaker prevails on the speaker of the house to move the bill up on the calendar. "He's a reasonable and honorable man," explained the Governor. "All I had to do was threaten to ruin him." Then he persuades a left-wing newspaper editor to oppose the bill so that it will be more palatable to the conservatives, who are "all stirred up and worried about taxes and socialism and creepin' statesmanship." Fenstermaker gets his bill.

Texas liberals, who are unhappy with their Governor because he settles for so many half-loaves and refuses to talk like a liberal, are scathingly portrayed as a cynical, ingrown coterie that spends most of its time boozing and rutting. Fenstermaker, groans one liberal, is "Mahatma Gandhi and Rasputin, the Prince of Darkness and the goddam Mystic Angel." But he concedes that the old fox "knew what absolutely had to be done; he could engage himself and then withdraw without losing that commanding vision."

By the novel's end, Fenstermaker has managed to elect an upstanding young Senator, destroy a McCarthyite type, arrest a crooked lobbyist who has been bribing legislators, stave off a segregationist march on the capitol, and give many a liberal a lesson in Coonsan politics. That ought to make even Lyndon Johnson proud.



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Tightwad Little Island

THE SCOTCH by John Kenneth Galbraith. 145 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95.

Harvard Economist John Kenneth Galbraith, author of *The Affluent Society*, may have at last explained himself. Plainly, his big-spending theories derive from a rebellion against his upbringing. For Galbraith, as he discloses in this amiable, slim volume of reminiscence, hails from a Scottish community in Ontario that seems today to have been a tightwad little island of frugality in a spendthrift continent, a budget balancer's paradise.

Galbraith has been away a long time, so now he can look back wryly and serenely on the frugal farmers who grew a cornucopia of crops, on the old Baptist church where no collection plate was passed, on the chaste, sober citizens who were chaste and sober largely because sin was expensive. Penny pinching was a way of life. If Galbraith's politicking father ever earned the disapprobation of his fellow citizens, it was not because he bought votes, but because he might have got them cheaper.

The books back home must be mightily disturbed by Galbraith's advocacy of deficit spending. On the other hand, how could they possibly disapprove of a man who has devoted a lifetime to the study of money?

Claptrap Classics

A curious thing happened to Edgar Rice Burroughs on the way to oblivion. When the 74-year-old novelist died in 1950, most of his 24 Tarzan books and ten Martian sagas were long out of print and far out of vogue. Then in 1961, a lady librarian in California removed a Tarzan book from the shelf on the grounds that the Ape Man and Jane were living in sin. Actually, as Burroughs went out of his way to establish in *The Return of Tarzan*, the two were properly married in the bush by Jane's father, an ordained minister. But the nationwide newspaper publicity over Tarzan prompted paperback publishers to burrow into the Burroughs estate.

Geetel Voyeur. As it turned out, at least eight Tarzan titles and a galaxy of Marses (Burroughs habitually produced one of each yearly) were in the public domain—and what the public wanted. Tarzan and Mars books now sell more than 10 million copies a year, account for one-thirtieth of all U.S. paperback sales. Latest to be reissued: *A Princess of Mars* (1917) and *A Fighting Man of Mars* (1931).

Their author, as the Martian duo (Dover: \$1.75) makes clear, was as much of a threat to public morality as a par/or aspidochra, which his prose style often resembles. A Burroughs hero is virile and all that, but he is first and last a gentleman, inclined more to genteel voyeurism than simian action. "She was as destitute of clothes as the Green

Martians who accompanied her," observes John Carter in *A Princess of Mars*. "Indeed, save for her highly wrought ornaments, she was entirely naked, nor could any apparel have enhanced the beauty of her perfect and symmetrical figure." Clean living was the ticket. In *The Fighting Man of Mars*, Burroughs relates, "Tul Axtar reached for his pistol and I for mine, but I have led a cleaner life than Tul Axtar had. My mind and muscles coordinate with greater celerity than those of one who has wasted his fiber in dissipation. Point blank I fired at his putrid heart. . . ."

Anti-Intellectual Snob. For a man who flunked out of Andover and flopped at half a dozen business ventures before he turned to writing at 37, Burroughs found time to acquire a comprehensive



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Selling like a barrel of monkeys.

set of prejudices. An anti-intellectual and a snob, he disapproved of any race but the white (the Red Martians are morally superior to the Green Martians because they have remote white ancestors). He was suspicious of most white men as well, save for "natural aristocrats"—among whom are included "John Carter, gentleman of Virginia," the hero of the Mars stories and, of course, Tarzan, who is really an English lord. The Continent was plain depraved. "A splendid young woman I had known in New York," says one Burroughs hero, "had been head over heels in love with a chum of mine—a clean, manly chap—but she married a broken-down, disreputable old debauchee because he was a count in some dinky little European principality that was not even accorded a distinctive color by Rand McNally."

Why 10 million paperback readers a year should beat a path to this convoluted claptrap is anyone's guess. Perhaps, suggests Psychiatrist Frederic Wertham, Burroughs appeals to a read-

er's "primitive instincts." A more likely explanation is that the books induce the same kind of "dreamless and refreshing sleep" that overtakes John Carter when he breathes the atmosphere of Mars.

Can All Come Green Again?

CHANGE OF WEATHER by Winfield Townley Scott. 64 pages. Doubleday. \$2.95.

Old Transcendentalists never die. Ignoring the Bomb, the Beats, the Beatles, and other forces of change and disintegration, a small group of American poets continues to write mild, mellow verse in the Concord manner of Emerson and Thoreau. Their themes are hill and dale, solitude and sadness; their tone is elegiac; and the best of them is Winfield Townley Scott.

Scott's poetry has neither the topical fire of a Robert Lowell nor the flinty edge of fellow New Englander Robert Frost. Neither profound nor powerful, the poet at age 54 writes what he describes in his present volume as verse of "regret"—for lost youth, lost love, lost chances:

*There is a time to read Ecclesiastes
When you are full-grown young,
So swollen with joy, so mad-sad,
And all so safely so
As in a play—
Yourself to enjoy at one remove.
There is a time again
When you are beginning to be old.
Ecclesiastes opens the hole in the wind
Through which, soon, you will walk
forever.*

What saves Scott's poems from sentimentality or empty despair is an astringent stoicism. One of his children breaks a shell that Scott has treasured since childhood:

*A tiny cave carved in far-off seas
Whose dazzle of sun-struck gold-green
Here incredibly fixed; and the sound of
seas*

*Which was, I grew to learn, my pulse's
sound.*

*Now dropped and broken by that child
of mine*

*Too young to know what he has
destroyed;*

*Too young to tell me what I should
have known.*

The American imagination has largely outgrown the old New England symbols of summerhouse and Christmas tree, kites and the Fourth of July. In adhering to them, Scott will not change the course of modern poetry, nor is he likely to serve as an inspiration to the younger poets. But he can often teach moderns a thing or two about love and other excitements they have lost or unlearned. As he wrote in an earlier volume:

*What I have learned enough
To have as air to breathe
Returns as memory
Of undiminished love:
That no man's creature
But enlarges me.
O all come green again.*



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